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THE

HUT AND THE CASTLE;

A ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES;"

"SANTO SEBASTIANO; OR, THE YOUNG PROTECTOR," &c.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.

90, CHEAPSIDE, AND 8, PALL-MALL;

AND

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO. EDINBURGH.

LONDON: 1823.

LONDON: 1841

PRINTED BY J. MOYLS, GREVILLE-STREET.

THE
HUT AND THE CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE boat of the gitano glided rapidly over the grey surface of the deep, and soon conveyed our adventurers to the sloop in which they embarked upon their fearful enterprise. Fauconberg was in such a state of mental agony, that he was unconscious of the absence of his mysterious guide in the first moments of his establishment on board; nor did he recognise the *sibylle* without the explanations of Lopez Peralta himself, who, transformed from an aged gitano into a young and handsome martial guerilla, shortly stood before him; and by thus recalling to Albert's mind the debt owed by gratitude to valor, and

humanity, presented the guarantee of honor, that nothing in the form of treachery awaited him.

But even this implied fidelity soothed not the evident agony of Albert's mind; the penetrating Spaniard, therefore, hastened to administer a more efficacious balm, through his solemn assurance of having seen an order to the miscreants employed for the seizure of the senor, to treat their captive on his voyage with respect and humanity.

“And although I doubt not,” continued Lopez, “the purpose of this order for humanity is to make future cruelty strike with more effect, from being unexpected; I yet trust, that in this, as in every succeeding point of their diabolic plans, we shall counteract them. But to inspire you, senor, with confidence in my firm hope of subverting this dire plot of villany, I must impart to you the causes which have led me on to call for your assistance in the rescue of your friend.”

In the communications now made to Fauconberg by Lopez, were comprised all that

our readers are already informed of upon the subject; but to which we now subjoin some further particulars relating to those, which, in our third volume, terminated with the information conveyed by Vasquez to Lopez Peralta — “ of Ramirez having obtained knowledge where the proscribed Cameron was to be found.”

But not more unexpected was the information to the sanguinary band, where the individual they had marked for vengeance so conveniently resided, than the source of information must prove to our readers;—for even the most penetrating, we imagine, can scarcely have anticipated its having flowed to a banditti in Spain, from the pen of Olivia De la Warr!!—Yet, it was even so. Her unreserved communications to Lady Caroline Townly found a direct channel, through the Marquis of Silverthorn, to the miscreant Ramirez.

It had so happened, ere the defaulter Russet had been taken into the employment of Sir William Bolingbroke, that Ramirez,

as the Abbé de Floriac, became acquainted with this unfaithful steward at a notorious gaming-house in London; when they, in conjunction, initiated the willing youth, Lord Briarfield, in the dire mysteries of the black art of gambling; and, as a climax, to those dire mysteries, led him on to felony; and when his crime was detected, and that his heart-wrung mother was exerting all her agonizing efforts to save her delinquent son, his Lordship found a temporary asylum in Menroy Castle.

Subsequently, Ramirez himself became acquainted with this subterraneous passage, and every mystery relative to the traditionally haunted turret, when his own individual malpractices led him for refuge thither; and when, benefitting by this safe sanctuary, and experiencing the various conveniencies of this secret abode, he laid a plan, with Russet for contraband traffic in Spanish wines and other merchandize, which, on his return to Spain, he carried into most lucrative effect: and thus, under the auspices of

the competent Russet, the haunted turret of the castle, being long appropriated to the unsuspected visits of the contraband agents, all that appertained to the apartments inhabited by Cameron and Fauconberg, was better known to these agents than to the occupants themselves.

Thus, therefore, when the unexpected intelligence reached the *ci-devant* Lord Briarfield—now designated, through failure of male issue in the leading branch of the genealogical tree from which he had sprung—the Marquis of Silverthorn; and through him to Ramirez, of where they could pounce upon the object of that hatred which dæmonised the heart of each, then their horrid joy knew no bounds; and, although then apart, their diabolical passions sympathized; for whilst Ramirez was organizing his barbarous plans for the abduction of Xavier, the unnatural brother, despatched his mandate to his vile confederates to lose not a moment in seizing the victim of their long-meditated vengeance.

Every thing relative to the premeditated seizure of the hapless Xavier was imparted, by the unsuspecting Vasquez, to the attentive Lopez; and also, that the abbess of Santa Barbara had been trepanned by a letter, apparently from Don Ferdinand de Verodia, into her convent church; from whence she had been carried off by a band of pretended devotees, assembled for the purpose, and conveyed to Grenada. But nothing further of the abbess's fate could Lopez elicit from the communicative Vasquez; as immediately upon her entering Grenada, she had been taken from the care of those who had torn her from her monastery; and none but those employed in the transaction knew where she was finally deposited.

Olivia De la Warr had also mentioned Fauconberg, as an inhabitant of Menroy Castle, in her letters to Lady Caroline; he, who had proved too potent, in policy and arms, for the whole banditti of the valley; yet, the fiat for his destruction was, for the present, withheld by Ramirez, who, almost

superstitiously persuaded, that Fauconberg held compact with his own patron, or, he could not have escaped the prowess of his desperate band, shrank from having him brought to glut his vengeance, whilst Xavier should be torturing beneath his lash, assured that Fauconberg, however guarded—however fettered—however separated from his friend, would strike out means for the escape of both.

And something of the same idea impressing the mind of Lopez, “that whatsoever impediment might obstruct the way of Fauconberg, his intrepidity, his self-possession, and acuteness of comprehension, would vanquish in the rescue of his friend;” and for the preservation of Donna Isabella, and Lady Alvina, he determined not to prevent the conveyance of Xavier to Grenada, as, through that measure, he felt assured of attracting Fauconberg to Spain; upon whom he relied as a powerful auxiliary, in developing their prisons, and emancipating the hapless captives.

Lopez Peralta continued day after day, a member of the unhallowed association, without obtaining the intelligence he panted for, relative to the abbess and Lady Alvina; or any one proof, of sufficient force, to stimulate the ecclesiastics of Malaga to venture upon hazarding offence to the Supreme Council, (now re-establishing in some degree under the auspices of the restored King) by impeaching the sanctity of a monastery patronized by the renowned Father Sancho Torquemador; and the restless and anxious Lopez was forming other projects of promise, when with dismay he learned from Vasquez, "that Ramirez was alarmed for the fate of Jago," and the despatches from Madrid; fearing they had fallen into hostile hands: and, that if such proved the case, he must effectually dispose of those whom it might menace his own life to have found in his hands;" and ere Lopez had opportunity for imparting this alarming intelligence to Father Felipe, he learned "that Vasquez had received orders to embark immediate-

ly for England, to seize the miscreant Cameron."

To secure the services of Fauconberg, whilst they could prove efficient, it was necessary for Lopez also to embark without delay; and Mr. Bellwood, the British consul, who felt deeply interested for a family thus menaced by atrocious villany, was most anxious to obtain a coadjutor of such promise.

In the port of Malaga, Mr. Bellwood found the captain of a trading vessel, who was willing to convey Lopez to, and from England. This captain and crew being Britons, and expert mariners, and withal the name of the vessel being Xavier, from which Mr. Bellwood augured auspicious omens of success: all were sworn to secrecy, and the Xavier engaged, for a handsome remuneration, supplied by the benevolent prelate of T., to convey Lopez to the coast of —; and one of the mariners attached to the Xavier being a native of Rosindale, was fully equal to act as a useful auxiliary to our enterprising Spaniard.

The same tide that wafted the brigantine of Vasquez from the Grenadian shore, bore Lopez Peralta, disguised as an English mariner, in the Xavier upon the same destination; but the British vessel being a swifter sailer than the Spaniard, would soon have got a-head of Vasquez, had it not been the wish of Lopez to keep it as much in view as steering clear of suspicious inferences would permit.

It being the project of Lopez Peralta to allure Fauconberg to Grenada, it was his policy to withhold from him every premature intimation of the pending outrage. Nor did humanity intervene to oppose the horrors to be thus inflicted upon the victim of deadly vengeance; as Lopez knew not of the declining state of Xavier's health, and did not know that he was to be kindly treated upon his voyage.

The crew of the Spanish brig having often visited Menroy Castle, were well versed in the precautions of prudent concealment; and under the auspices of the

crafty Russet, kept themselves, when on shore, so completely out of the eye of observation in the cavern chambers, where all was fitted up for comfort, that had not Lopez been well acquainted with their plans, and their having such a retreat, he never could have traced them; nor have kept his wary eye upon their cautious manœuvres.

But, at length, at his lodgings in the little inn at Rosindale, Lopez heard of the masked ball about to be given by Lady Lancefield; and, concluding Fauconberg would be amongst the guests, and conceiving that something of a characteristic intimation of his gitano friend being near, might awaken more attention for his subsequent communications, than the statements of one whom, too probably, might stand confessed to the recognition of the acute senor, as a member of banditti: he, therefore, through the magic of golden necromancy, obtained a ticket for the ball, from one of the trusty servants at Rosindale Park.

Lopez, believing this most promising chance of inveigling Fauconberg into his perilous enterprise was, by assuming a form in which he had evinced fidelity, had brought with him his gitano habit, which he originally had purchased to conceal himself from the recognition of his bandit *campaneros*, when engaged in his perilous efforts for the security of his mother and Lady Alvina in the lonely *cortijo*; in which disguise he had often fearlessly visited the monastery of Santa Barbara; had been the trusty conveyancer of the interchange of provisions deposited in the *ermita*; as well as a performer in those exploits with which our readers are already acquainted: and, with this disguise, Lopez brought others for the same purpose to England, lest in his enterprise he should find such concealment necessary.

The observations of the wary Lopez led him to pronounce, the morning after the masked ball of Lady Lancefield, the intimation he had given to Fauconberg of his

gitano friend being near, was not premature; for a suspicious change in the position of the brigantine informed him he must keep his eagle-eye widely open; and, in consequence, tracing some of the Spaniards to a sequestered spring, where they filled their casks with pure water; and learning that their agent Russet, with his sons, had been unusually alert since early dawn, removing sacks of grain from his own barn, to a storehouse on the beach, Lopez entertained not a doubt that Vasquez was about to sheer off; and, therefore, arranged accordingly: placing himself in the concealment of the rocks near his boat, awaiting the hope which he cherished, of Fauconberg's seeking his gitano friend in all directions, yet in full preparation; should this hope prove delusive, to raise an efficient alarm to attract the senor to the beach, should the probability occur of the abduction taking place in the night, without the immediate knowledge of any resident in the castle, but the hapless victim himself.

Nor was the expectation of Lopez much at fault. Russet, concluding that such an unusual nocturnal revel would occasion tardiness in the arising of the Argus-eyed Nettlethorp, determined upon seizing the succeeding morning to the bark, as an auspicious opportunity for supplying the brigantine with provisions and the contraband goods with which it was to be freighted; but not until the dead of the subsequent night had he arranged for the final villany; calculating also upon the fatigue of the revel rocking the cradle of Fauconberg too soundly for any commotion in the approximate chamber to disturb him; but, having learned the absence of Nettlethorp and Marchmont for the day; and that Cameron was confined through indisposition to his room, he promptly prepared for the diabolical abduction taking place, whilst Fauconberg should be engaged at dinner, and Dermod and Carlo in attendance: but, Fauconberg being neither *gourmand* nor



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CHAPTER II.

FAUCONBERG found the captain of the Xavier remarkably prepossessing: a clear-headed North Briton, with manners infinitely more polished than accorded with his present situation.

In a few days after they had commenced their voyage, Captain M'Alpin, struck with the attachment of Dermod to his master, was led to say to Fauconberg, with whom he was conversing at the time—"That he had once been similarly attached to a master, whom he had loved as his own child."

"I attended upon him from his twelfth year," continued the agitated Captain—"I had an uncle, Sir, in the seafaring line, who was anxious for my entering into partnership with him, that he might instruct me in a calling it was his kind intention to bequeath me the facilities for following. But,

attachment to my master; whose endearing virtues could only be equalled by his dire misfortunes, stifled the voice of interest; and I clung to my master, who seemed to live merely for new calamities to assail.

“But at length, Sir, my dear, dear master, knowing I had helpless parents to maintain, became importunate for my attending to the wishes of my uncle: but in vain, and alas! alas! my dear kind master disappeared, whilst I was just absent; sent by his kind bounty, to provide for my young brother.—

Pardon my agitated feelings, Sir!—From that fatal hour, no exertion of mine, and they have been indefatigable, could trace him out.

“Bereaved of him who had been just the light of my life, I acceded to the wishes of my uncle; and every new voyage I have made has been cheered outward by the fondly cherished hope of hearing of my beloved master; whom I have thought it not unlikely, had in despair fled from his own

country. But bitter disappointment has been my black pendant on every homeward voyage, and had I not so well known the piety of him I love, and lament, I should just have feared despair might have led him to that bourn, from whence no traveller returns.

“But still,” he added, in an agony of tears, “there were circumstances attendant upon his calamities, Sir, which make me tremble for hapless moments, when even the influence of piety might be found just powerless.”

Albert, suspecting from the commencement of this effusion, of affectionate lamentation, that this captain was the identical M^r Alpin, whose attachment had been so gratefully acknowledged by Xavier, and affected by the tears of genuine attachment, hastened to say—

“And if I mistake not, you named your vessel after this lamented master?”—and then added, after a little pause—“Should I

be correct in my conjectures, mine is the power to assure you, that when I parted from the individual whom you lament, but a few hours since, his noble mind was under the influence of his unslumbering piety.”

Fauconberg was not mistaken in his conjectures : he was conversing with the identical M'Alpin so affectionately mentioned in the narrative of Xavier Almedina ; and the almost wild joy of this faithfully attached humble friend, upon so unexpectedly hearing of his master, too shortly experienced the bitter alloy of learning for whose rescue he was conveying Fauconberg from the shores of Albion.

Continual and intense became the consultations of Fauconberg, M'Alpin, Lopez, and Dermod, upon the possibilities that could be attempted, by attachment and intrepidity, for the rescue of Xavier, whilst on their voyage ; for whose very life, or intellect, the two former trembled, through the mental agonies he must endure, under the horrid apprehensions of such a captivity.—

But, every wild or promising enterprise they could project, were all impeded by the interdiction of the elements; and after a tempestuous voyage the *Xavier*, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar; to find conviction, that under the impenetrable veil of dense sea-fogs, the brigantine of *Vasquez* had hove completely out of sight.

As our adventurers approached the Grenadian coast, and that through the aid of their telescopes they descried the imposing hermitages of the bandit capuchins, Lopez suggested the expediency of a staunch party of their crew landing near the decoy-cages, under pretence of distress in consequence of the preceding night's tempest; and whilst affecting anxiety to benefit by the humanity of the saints of hypocrisy, possibly discover something of the destination of the object of their pursuit.

Without delay a chosen band, well armed for possible warfare, put off in a boat and ran into shore, near the most contiguous of the hermitages.

Albert, being no longer in the military garb, which made men individually less noted than their splendid habit; felt no alarm at recognition—save from the abbot-chief himself, who, from having been the inhabitant of the same hut, possibly had given his visage a place in his remembrance, now darted up the ascent to the hermitage; he being the only one of the party, save Lopez, who perfectly understood the Spanish language; and, knocking at the door, it was promptly opened, not by a capouched friar, as he had anticipated, but by a respectable-looking man-servant *criado*, by whom stood a senor of uncommon personal advantages, though evidently passed the meridian of life, and who, in dignified deportment, presented the easy grace of superior life. The aspect of the senor, as well as of the *criado*, portrayed alarm.

Fauconberg, as he gracefully apologized for thus intruding, announced his party presented themselves there, to obtain assistance from the reverend brethren who inhabited that abode of charity.

“By your dress, you are English; as such, I hail you as a friend,” said the senor courteously, “and, as such, condole with you, upon requiring aid where I fear you are not likely to obtain it.”

“Heaven pardon me!” he continued, “if I lack charity: but if I conjecture truly, this hermitage is not its abode. The gale of last night drove the vessel in which I was returning from Porto Bello so near the shore at Torax, that I unluckily was induced to disembark there, where finding the accommodations execrable, and our vessel having borne out to sea again, I determined to proceed by land to Malaga, there to attend the debarking of my property; I therefore procured mules and a guide at the *badigan* I had been doomed to at Torax; and set out with my *criado*: but our mules soon evincing incapacity, we at length broke down here, where a venerable capuchin promised us all that humanity could bestow.

“More than two hours, however, have elapsed since he, with our guide, set out to procure mules from the stables of this sanc-



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taken into the service of Don Ferdinand until after the flight of Don Stefano from Spain, and, therefore, had never before seen him; yet his striking family resemblance, with the armorial bearings on the pistols, combined with his having been long expected by the banditti, led Lopez to identify him.

With gratitude Don Stefano accepted an offer which, he felt conviction, was to rescue him from the fangs of robbers at least, and without delay proceeded to the Xavier with our adventurers, who now considered it useless to make any pause for the improbable chance of hearing any tidings of the brigantine; more especially, as Don Stefano assured them, no ship or boat had appeared but their own on that part of the coast, during the long period in which he had been detained there in expectation of assistance.

As many circumstances combined to render the delay of ceremony impolitic, Albert hastened, the moment they were established on board, to preface the necessary introduc-

tion of Lopez, and then presented him to the astonished *hidalgo*, as an individual fully competent to give him intelligence of importance, relative to his nearest connexions in Spain; and to warn him of pending evils, in which his own personal safety was too probably menaced.

The misfortunes of Don Stefano's life had operated as precious balms. They had refined his perfections to the purest ore, and reclaimed his imperfections from their grosser dross. His wild libertinism had long been laid to eternal rest, and the enthusiastic romance and speculative daring of his youth subdued to rational judgment and manly enterprise; and that heart, which once had seemed to beat for the gratification of self, was now the calm abode of every tender and social affection that could adorn the breast of mortal.

When, through the machinations of the arch-fiend Sancho, Don Stefano had fled to his sister in England, to aid in his escape with life, she, through the exertions of her

bankers, obtained a lucrative situation for him, in Porto Bello, where he married advantageously, and happily. It had been so ordained, that Don Stefano had conferred incalculable obligations upon the brother of the prime-minister, and the friend of the grand inquisitor of Spain, all now reinstated in their high political situations, through the restoration of their legitimate sovereign; and thus having firmly established powerful interest at court, Don Stefano was enabled, honourably and satisfactorily, to account for the apparent disloyalty which had caused his flight from Spain, and, by means of these grateful friends, to have every impeachment removed to his return to his country.

Don Stefano, anxious to behold once more his kindred in Europe, had now made this voyage for that purpose, as well as to ascertain if the state of his native country was really such as to admit of his settling there with his family.

The voyage from the Hermitage to Ma-

laga, was so inconsiderable, that more time was not afforded than to form a mere outline for Don Stefano of the circumstances Lopez had to impart; but this sketch was afterwards filled up by Father Felipe, Fauconberg, M^r Alpin, and Lopez, in every point upon which they individually, could speak; and when all was revealed to him, and after the introduction of Don Stefano and Fauconberg, to Mr. Bellwood, a league was formed for making every exertion for counteracting the projects of Sancho and Ramirez, and for leading the impious impostors to detection.

There was no difficulty in convincing Don Stefano of the atrocity of Father Sancho, as he had long since developed his genuine character; and ere he had quitted Spain, had given intimations of his discoveries on the subject, to the unaffectedly pious Archbishop of T.; and Lopez, having now implicated Sancho as the actuating assassin of his sister, Zamira, and Ramirez as the evil destiny of Lady Westharen, his fraternal aux-

iety became agonizing to discover the retreat of his brother, to rescue him from his mental thralldom to his perfidious confessor; and then to exert his influence against the pitiless and unjustifiable persecution of his niece. Nor did the humanity of the amiable *hidalgo* pause one moment upon the birth-stain of Xavier. He was the offspring of his own beloved sister, and his affectionate and grateful heart panted to rescue him from the dæmons who had him in their power, that he might comfort and protect him, whom Fauconberg and M'Alpin portrayed as so inestimable; whilst the mysterious fate of Lady Westharen, adding still more painful interest for her hapless son, converted Don Stefano into a very Quixote, ready to grasp lance and shield, and with an arm nerved by the love he had borne his sisters, to attack the diabolical Ramirez as the fell destroyer of his race.

To obtain the co-operations of his powerful auxiliaries at court, Don Stefano sent off without delay an express to Madrid; and,

by the same conveyance, despatched a letter to Don Pedro Ariol, desiring the address of Don Ferdinand de Verodia to be forwarded to Malaga immediately.

As all the friends of the proscribed Verodia, now assembled in Malaga, had individual reasons for wishing to escape the recognition of the capouched banditti; it required some caution to billet them in safe quarters; and, in this management, Dermod O'Chanter and his "master dear," were lodged in the consular house; where the necessarily dispersed party were to hold frequent councils, and to impart information obtained by each during the moments of separation.

In a very few hours after the establishment of Albert in the consular house, Dermod, seeking a private conference with his master, appeared before him with an aspect of dismay, exclaiming—

"I wist it was out of this divil of a place, ourselves were your honor! Not a taste of safety is there in it for us! Sorrow stir, can yourself stir out after nightfall without a

flam* at your back, to be exhibiting your honor's face to my Lord Abbot and his hudwinked imps?—For though the place seems peopled by women and lazy friars, 'tis overrun with assassins, 'tis is—who would be shedding our heart's best drop unknownt to us, did we not keep treating them like bastes of prey, by beaming the light of suspicion upon them to keep them at bay. And all the blessed time, not so much as an alguazil would be stirring his stumps to be bringing a mother's babe of them to punishment.

“Its a folly to talk; but Ireland is, after all, the place for comfort, master Albert dear,—for though to be sure—we do hear—a—of a—*rapparee* exploit there, in regard to—*augh!* then more grief to them that scandalize a Christian country!—in regard, I say, to a cruel abduction of a poor innocent helpless crethure occasionally—and a taste of robbery sometimes—and a flush of arseny, onst in a way;—and a sprinkling of murder

* Flambeau. The lantern carried by the assassins.



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but think it a mighty quare matter, that gitano humbug inyeigling you to this muster-ground of divils in grain, to be meeting the certain chance of murder for your welcome; when half a word in ould England would have rescued the dear saint of a patient sufferer, Mr. Cameron, from the fangs of the banditti here, without a morsel of peril to you, Master Albert, nor harrum to him, the mild crethur.—Oh! faith! if this does not turn out a nate humbug upon a rescue, my name's not Dermod."

"You forget," said Albert, "that Lopez has acknowledged his motive for desiring my presence here, is to aid him in the rescue of some other unfortunates."

"*Augh!* then, what are they? but a maiden gentlewoman of a convent mummy, and a dab of a Spanish *senora*, who would not sell for the value of an English girl's little finger, let alone an Irish girl's;—not to talk of the price of such a life as Master Albert's; and, upon my safe conscience, was Carlo calt into council, I'll be bail he'd pronounce

not a *senora* in the Spanish dominions worth peril to your honor's precious life. For 'tis he, the cute critic, who curls his nose at every mother's babe of the *senoritas*, who attempt to pilavor him by their caresses, not so much as onst wagging his tail—nor, waving his head in proud triumph, as he done when Mrs. Brudenel and Miss De la Warr patted him, and praised him greatly.

“ And talking of my fellow-sarvant, Carlo, your honor, 'tis known, he'll be in a minute by Ramirez; or at least, Ramirez by him; when, by flying at the rap, the mettle will bang out of the *shelala*, in regard to our concealment, so that myself hardly knows what to be doing with the noble animal; for when 'tis walking out, he is for an airing in this stewpan, and meets stacks of brethren; he scents out, at one sniff, they are no company for him, there not being a canine grandee amongst the whole tote. So my noble gentleman struts on, quite scornful; disdaining even the notice of a growl; and, tucking up his tail and ears quite cutely, for all the

world as if he feared they'd be getting soiled by contact with such scavengers."

"I trust you will not give utterance to these opinions elsewhere, Dermod," replied Fauconberg, "highly as we have reason to appreciate our fair country-women, or our faithful Carlo, we must not offend those around us; for upon them appears to rest our only hope of obtaining any clue to lead us to the discovery of those we seek."

"Ough, your honor, if it will be opening the window of poor dear Mr. Cameron's prison, to discover the door through it, I'll engage to be making love to every mother's babe I meet—young or ould, sightly or hideous. I'll be bail to bother them all into good will wid my blarney."

"You must consider what you are about here, Dermod.—In every direction we are surrounded by smugglers, if not banditti, who have causes for veiling their own designs. Caution and secresy, therefore, seem the order of the place, where the supineness of the police allows the screen of disingenu-

ousness' to remain undisturbed—And really, upon this account, I think I must turn you over to Captain M'Alpin for a while, to learn from him the steady bearings of prudence, in your navigation here.”

“*Augh* then, master dear, where will your prudence be mitching, when you send me to be losing sight of you? Is it to be after dismissing me from guarding you?—I, who would shed the heart's drop for you, and leave you to *Senora Gitano*! for your link-boy in your nocturnal rounds of research for Mr. Cameron!—*Ough* murder!”

“Nay, but my valiant coat of mail, which I have no wish to disrobe from,” returned Albert, smiling, “you forget, that were it not for this identical gitano, you would have lost the substance, to which you have long so faithfully performed shadow.”

“Well, your honour, and 'tis my heart that is grateful for that same: but no blame to me for suspecting the man, who could, by screeching out fire at your door, save your primises wid a bucket of water; but not

being agreeable to that easy method, plans for your *kicking the bucket, by inticing you from your home, through troubled waters, by say and by land, to be showing you—success to the invention of it!—from the opposite side of an impenetrable gulph—your house in flames, which he offers his help in saving, now its no longer in your reach!—By my safe conscience! Paddy O'Blunder himself could scarcely imagine the flog of that, in the way of bull-racing!—*Augh* then, success to Mistress *Gitano*!—but she has led us a pretty dance of †*bullero-humbug*! and the moment she drops her petticoat, out stalks a thumping banditto!—A decoy to the Cave of Vengeance, for what we know, and good luck to the travellers.”

There were too many points in Dermod's logic for suspicion to erect alarm upon; for Fauconberg, readily to establish poor Lopez in the favorable opinion of this faithful ad-

* “Kicking the bucket,” is sometimes vulgarly used to express death.

† Bolero.

herent, who, in further suspicion of the fidelity of this young Spaniard, firmly believed, that had he been the staunch friend to Master Albert he declared himself, he would have conducted the two soldiers to aid him against the besieging banditti, although he himself might have been bound by some oath, from individual prowess against his comrades. But, in the justification of Lopez, Dermod afterwards learned—“That Lopez had endeavoured to get down to the cave to bring up this reinforcement to the distressed garrison; in which attempt, rash impetuosity had nearly proved fatal to him; since he fell from the crag into the valley beneath, stunned and disabled.”

But the grateful Albert was exerting every argument for the purpose of vanquishing the prejudices of Dermod, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Bellwood, with a pair of huge mustachios for disguising Fauconberg from recognition.

“For with these, and the native gracefulness, with which you arrange your *capa*,”

said Mr. Bellwood, "I think you may defy even the recognition of a *Hermanidad*. But, as for your servant, unless we can accomplish some effectual disguise for his Hibernianism, we must, I think, make an exchange of *criados* with Don Stefano."

"Faith, Sir, it would'nt be a morsel of use to be sending me to wait upon Don Stephen?" exclaimed Dermod, in alarm, "for I wouldn't be understanding one order, let alone every one he would be giving me; bekease he talks the elegant language of the *grandees*; and the weeney morsel myself has grubbed up of Spanish, is in the pure vulgar tongue, Sir."

"Your master, my good fellow, speaks the language of the *hidalgo*, also," returned Mr. Bellwood, "and you perfectly understood him this morning, when he gave you, conjointly with Lopez, orders in Spanish."

"That's bekease, Mr. Bellwood, I have been used to his talk ever since before he could speak." "Ay, faith, ever since we had tongues to crow at each other; so, that were



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CHAPTER III.

FOUR and twenty hours more glided away, without the anxious Fauconberg advancing one step in the path of hope. No proof obtained to corroborate the testimony of Lopez Peralta. No courage awakened in the timid ecclesiastics, to brave the displeasure of the powerful Sancho Torquemada. No animation in the police to aid our confederates; and, under these depressing circumstances, Lopez suggested his proceeding without delay, to seek Jago at Seville; and to manœuvre him out of his important despatches.

This project was approved by all but the sceptic Dermod; sceptic in the fidelity of Lopez, because Lopez had brought "master Albert's" life into peril; and who now, hinting to M'Alpin, he thought the *gitano*

humbug was about to sheer off and leave them to their fate, M'Alpin, notwithstanding his favourable opinion of Lopez, yet provident through the possibility of being deceived, offered to take Lopez in the Xavier to Cadiz; from whence he could with facility reach Seville; whither he would himself accompany him if he pleased; an offer, which Lopez, accepting with evident joy, gave no inconsiderable check to suspicion of treachery in the mind of Dermod.

In a few hours after the embarkation of Lopez and M'Alpin for Cadiz, during a grand procession of the Franciscan friars, in honour of some festival, Fauconberg was so fortunate as to rescue a beautiful child of about four years old, from being killed, by an English carriage, the driver of which had been endeavouring to force a passage at the end of a street which the procession then was crossing.

The rescued child was restored unhurt to the terrified matron who had her in charge, by the humane Fauconberg; who, thrown

off his guard in the moment of irritation, uttered his rebuke to the coachman in English.

This morning procession was but the prelude to an evening illumination in the part of Malaga where the Franciscan monastery was situated, and the narrow streets of that quarter were decorated with garlands, thrown from window to window of opposite houses, formed like gaily illumined canopies of flowers; and under which innumerable pedestrians walked, in brilliant promenade, to and from the Franciscan church, where grand masses were performing with unusual splendor.

In this church, therefore, as a place likely to see all who chose to be visible in Malaga, Albert took his anxious station for great part of the evening, sometimes attended by Dermot only, sometimes with Don Stefano, or Mr. Bellwood, for a disguised companion; but at length, as the evening waned, Albert was startled by the appearance of a gentle-

man leading a lady through the throng, so complete a *fac-simile* of Xavier, in face and form, that he sprang forward to follow the attraction, though fear presented its conviction, that poor Xavier could scarcely be thus a prisoner at large; and, soon gaining upon this attraction, perceived this man to be in evident health—his poor friend obviously otherwise; he, therefore, paused in doubt whether to resume his seat. The gentleman spoke, and Albert rushed on, careless of whom he incommoded in his impetuosity, assured that he had found his friend. The gentleman turned, to smile at something passing in the throng, and the delusion was destroyed. The smile of Xavier bore a celestial stamp; that of this man satanic; and Fauconberg, disappointed and sad, at length returned home, convinced that in this resemblance he might identify the diabolical brother of his friend; and his alarm for the fate of Xavier became still more agonizing.

Mr. Bellwood having pronounced it un-

necessary and unwise for the attractive Dermot to perform shadow to his master dear during the day, Fauconberg set out the following morning, unaccompanied, to the Franciscan church, hoping that the sequel to the pageantries of the preceding day might attract the Marquis of Silverthorn thither, when the discovery of his residence might be effected, which the inquiries set on foot by Mr. Bellwood that morning had failed to accomplish.

Although the meditations of Fauconberg, when alone in the consular house, were as profound as hopeless sympathy, bent upon one object, could make them, yet, when out in pursuit of intelligence, assembled every faculty of his mind in attendance upon his eyes and ears, to take in every thing, and promptly to pronounce upon aught that wore the promise of importance. The appearance, therefore, of a senior, enveloped as closely as himself in a *capa*, in earnest conversation with a capuchin friar, whose cowl was drawn

suspiciously over his visage, escaped not the observations of this anxious friend, on his route to the church.

The moment these confabulists arrested the attention of Albert, his interest was painfully excited; and, reckless of danger, he determined to follow them to their place of destination; for though he had never seen the movement of Ramirez in the act of walking, yet there was something in the contour of this capuchin's figure, even enveloped as it was, that led him in horror to believe that miscreant was before him.

It was an unpromising undertaking, that of dodging any one in the open day through streets so little populous, and so narrow, as those of Malaga; but, fortunately for the success of Fauconberg's pursuit, the confabulists never cast a look behind them, through the long line of streets they passed, to a gloomy-looking building, where they both stopped, and were in a few moments admitted.

Fauconberg shuddered as he contemplated

the structure; but anxious for information to aid conjecture, he turned into a *neveria*, opposite to the gloomy attraction, and courteously inquired, "what building it was?"

A pause ensued, in which the matron he had addressed seemed summoning sufficient courage to reply, and which she did, in a low cautious tone, as if she had rather not have been asked the question.

"A house, belonging to the holy prison of Grenada, señor."

It not being the policy of Albert's anxious friendship to attend to private alarms, he civilly inquired, "were strangers admitted to view the interior?"

"A few days since, señor, and any respectable stranger, would have been admitted," she replied: "but now, I know not;" and again she lowered her tone, "as I know not what may be about to be re-established, and within these few days, I have observed a friar enter often there; and though not a Dominican, I doubt not has holy matters in his charge."



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teress, "civilly" desired him to walk into an apartment whilst she inquired.

"In this apartment Fauconberg found another young woman, seated by a little bed, in which a child was slumbering.—She had been at needle-work, which she precipitately laid down when Albert entered, as if alarmed; and demanded from his conductress, who was her younger sister,—“What the stranger wanted?”

“To see the place, Aurora.”

“Has the senor an order from the governor?”

“No, senora,” Albert responded; “but if necessary, I can readily obtain one.”

“But why, Aurora?” demanded the younger sister; “though our father has become very careful of whom he now admits, why should not the curiosity of this courteous stranger be gratified without an order, as well as that of the proud English senor?”

At this moment a man of unconciliating promise entered, and Fauconberg felt repentant for having so rashly visited this alarm-

ing place without at least apprising Mr. Bellwood of his intention. The request was made for the stranger by the younger sister, and morosely negatived by the father, who ordered the obliging damsel to go and assist her mother in looking after the *puchero*.

“If an order is required, I can procure one for to-morrow,” said Albert; “I am acquainted with Don Juan, and therefore—

“I shall not show the premises to-morrow for fifty Don Juans !” replied the jailor gruffly.

The spouse of the stern jailor now made her appearance; and with an aspect presenting testimony, that her helpmate had in her selected his counterpart.

Maimona, for so was this woman designated, cast an ungracious look at Fauconberg, but that glance caused a sudden revulsion in her aspect towards the stranger, as unexpected as it was enthusiastic; for wildly shrieking “*Santa Maria! Santa Maria!!*” she grabbed up the sleeping child from its bed, and with her alarmed and whimpering bur-

then, prostrated herself at the feet of the amazed Albert, exclaiming—

“Kneel, Aurora! kneel! and bless the preserver of your orphan child! kneel, Inigo!—and invoke blessings upon the head of the preserver of your idol!—This is the brave Englishman who saved our darling Isadora!”

Aurora was now at the feet of Albert, bathing his hands with the tears of maternal gratitude; and vain proved his entreaties to the agitated mother, and grandmother of the rescued Isadora, to resume their composure; whilst the late morose jailor, with cap in hand, and tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, stood before him an altered being; invoking every blessing to shower down upon the preserver of his Isadora!

The strong excitement of this scene having at length subsided into something more of rationality, Maimona, who had been entrusted with the care of her grand-child to view the procession the preceding day, now having recognized the brave senor who had rescued her charge from menaced death,

with all the courtesy of Spanish hospitality invited him to partake of the family *puchero*; when Inigo, more refined, rebuked her presumption, and in one moment produced a flask of the choicest vintage of Grenada, and requested the preserver of the dear prop of his declining life to drink a glass of its contents, to prove the brave senior forgave the rudeness of his first reception.

Fauconberg instantly drank "*salud y pesetas*" to the party, and kissed the pretty Isadora. These tokens of amity passed, Inigo said—

"I am willing, senior, to show you all of these premises worthy your attention, as we have, at present, no prisoners to present the absolute interdiction. But, being English, it has just struck me, you probably belong to a lady and gentleman of England, whom I have promised to oblige."

In the negative to this supposition, Fauconberg judiciously informed Inigo, "that the English gentleman, whom he had seen enter those inquisitorial premises that morn-

ing, with a capuchin friar, had been taken from the *Alameda* by the identical lady and carriage, which had so nearly proved fatal to the lovely Isadora.”

Inigo's brow assumed the scowl, which gratitude had chased, and he exclaimed—

“*Por vida de San Dominic!* but I repent my rash promise. Not, señor, that we can be accountable for the misconduct of our servants; but this lady has not a particle of humanity in her composition. Maimona can testify, she beheld the accident unmoved;—and she, no doubt, being the lady in question, I will not oblige her unless compelled to it: for, she possesses, it is evident, none of the tenderness so amiable in woman.

“You are surprised, señor, to hear one with the brow I wear, and the office I hold, commend the tenderness of humanity:—but, all is not gold that glistens. Habit can usurp the garb of nature, and if the office is not made for the man, the man must make himself for the office: when unsought, on my part, I was appointed to a situation, to

the acceptance of which I dare not say a negative, it became necessary for my own safety—I speak to you, senor, as to an honorable Englishman—to avoid suspicion of my fidelity; and lest a complacent brow might encourage hope in my hapless prisoners, or doubt in our employers, my spouse and I trained our aspect and manners to iron sternness; yet in all the years we have been compulsive keepers of this sad concern, none could complain of finding either individually unkind, whenever our own hearts had power of acting.”

Some conversation now ensued, which led to Albert's mentioning his having served in the late continental warfare, and that he had now returned to Spain, with the hope of yielding service to a friend; when Inigo offering his assistance, added, “could the aid of so humble an individual prove useful to a gallant senor, to whom, as a Spaniard, he owed patriotic gratitude; and, as a parent, an individual debt he never could repay.

“For the child whom you preserved is

the prop of my age," continued Inigo;—"I loved her father too! my poor Aurora! retire, if you be so willing:—Ah! my poor Aurora! This is a sad, sad, subject to us all. The father of my Isadora was long a prisoner here; we had no order for his close confinement, we therefore often let him domesticate amongst us; and he was so grateful, and so good; in person and manners, so engaging, that when at length the inquisitorial jurisdiction was suspended, and the gates of Geronymo's prison unclosed, he, with my warm approbation, led my Aurora to the altar.—To remain at home, whilst his bleeding country required defenders, his patriotic heart disdained—he joined our army; earned many a sprig of laurel, and we saw him when possibility permitted.—Peace was restored; and Geronymo was flying to our expanding arms, when he disappeared—and left us to the dire belief of his having calamitously fallen into the hands of those vindictive, native foes, who had imprisoned him here.



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—for savage it must be, as the poor transgressor is, by order of high-churchmen who lend their talents to the exhibition, to believe it a real court, formed to lead her to the question; but the truth is, I know not if I possess the power of negative, the persons who have desired me to oblige the lady, are so high in favor with those I dare not disobey.”

The heart of Fauconberg throbbed with dismay, in dire anticipation of the inestimable abess of Santa Barbara proving the heroine of this demoniac melo-drama, to be performed for the vindictive gratification of Sancho and Ramirez; and, impelled by anxiety, he expressed a wish for being present, to ascertain how an Englishwoman could possess nerves to bear her through a scene so new to national feeling.

“I can easily gratify your wish, senor,” responded Inigo. “Behind those ventilators there are seats concealed, to accomodate those whom it may become necessary to bring forward, for overwhelming the testimony of

the accused in their own favor.—You are naturally shocked, señor ; for you belong to a country where the laws yield protecting mercy to the accused.”

Fauconberg expressed acknowledgment for this promised compliance with his wish, though he shuddered at the horror annexed to the formation of the place proposed for his accommodation.

“ You must come hither armed with your national valour, señor ;” said Inigo, “ for it will require it, to intrust yourself, to be placed by a man of my calling, in a cage alone ;—for alone it must be. You have awakened a glow of gratitude, that leads me on to run some risk for you ; but to others, I owe no such debt, and will encounter no peril for them.”

Albert made no demur at this prohibition, since he felt full confidence in the faith of Inigo ; and soon after learning the precise time when this mock tribune was to take place, bade adieu to Inigo, and returned to

the consular house, to communicate his adventures.

Inigo was known to Mr. Bellwood as an unfortunate, who, fastened upon by the Inquisition as a pretended culprit, had been despoiled of wealth, and the consequence annexed to superior life, and after years of imprisonment, and barbarous cruelty exercised against him, his wife and children, had been compelled, by arbitrary power, to accept an office from which his kind and honourable nature revolted; and his character in all things being fair, the wary consul felt no reluctance to Albert's compliance with the mandate for going to the prison unaccompanied, yet determined he should not go thither unguarded; and also resolved that trusty persons should be placed around the avenues to the prison, to observe the route by which the persons forming this tribunal should approach and depart.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the morning succeeding his introduction to Inigo, as Fauconberg was completing a despatch to his anxious friends at Menroy Castle, he was struck with the difference in size, as he placed it on the wax, in his seal; and this observation led him promptly to detect an apparently magical exchange of property: a seal, which had been lately given him by Xavier, had vanished, and was replaced by one bearing the simple signature "Alvina."

The amaze of Fauconberg was little short of that, which ocular demonstration of a feat of necromancy might have awakened.—Dermod was as unenlightened, as to the process of this singular transaction, as his master; nor could any of the confederates present a solution to the mysterious incident, until Albert himself recollected, that when

he had drawn his watch out, to set it with the clock of Inigo, for the purpose of punctuality in his appointment, the little Isadora, whilst hanging to his capa, as if through the instinct of gratitude, being yet too young to feel it intellectually, had requested to have the watch in her own hand; to look at and listen to its ticking.

Fauconberg had now perfect recollection of the child having detained his watch some time; but none whatever of her having quitted the room with it in her possession:—yet he was convinced that only Alvina could have so instantaneously recognised her brother's seal, and substituted proof to the owner of the watch, that she was near, conceiving that owner to be her brother;—for as to its having been Xavier who had performed this dexterity of hand, his not being possessor of any seal bearing the signature of Alvina when torn from Menroy, presented proof, at least presumptive.

That this exchange of property had been effected in the inquisitorial prison, none of the

party in whom Fauconberg confided could doubt ; yet how, or when, puzzled all :—but the more important puzzle demanded all their immediate consideration, of the means by which this intimation could lead to action, without awakening suspicion of the quarter from whence it came ; for all were aware, how fatal it might prove to the unfortunate captive, who dared to send forth a signal from inquisitorial precincts.

But, as the power of the supreme council was not re-established so tremendously as it had once been ; nor even so firmly as it had existed prior to the late revolutions ; and as he hourly expected the arm of supremacy to nerve his, Don Stefano determined to visit Inigo immediately, to strive, by a subtile infusion of golden magic, to hire him into betraying the secret which had come under the seal of Alvina, for them to discover where to find her.

Accordingly, Don Stefano, accompanied by Fauconberg, hastened to Inigo, by whom they were courteously received ; but no

golden magic, no form of eloquence, could allure a word, a look, a hint from Inigo, to indicate his being otherwise than the most zealous servant the inquisition ever had in pay ; one that would die rather than betray his trust ; or that would much rather Don Stefano should die a thousand deaths, than the supreme council yield up a victim ; and, at length, full of disappointment, Don Stefano and Albert departed ; the latter, however, determined to return unaccompanied, to question the now inflexible jailer, upon his cessation of good-will towards him ; a determination encouraged by Inigo's saying, in a low tone to him, whilst ushering them to the portal,—

“When alone, the preserver of my Isadora rings the unpolished metal ; he shall find it sterling.”

Fauconberg, on his return, most opportunely found the young Isadora his only entertainer for some moments, Inigo being called to answer a messenger, who arrived at the portal with Albert, and those precious



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no ; a nation that could tolerate such a tribunal as that which ground my happiness to powder, is not a nation to be confided in. Senor, your bribe was such as the parental heart could not resist ; you are an honorable, a free-minded Briton, and I will trust you.

“ But ere ‘ I betray the secrets of my prison-house,’ tell me, if the friend you came to Spain to serve, can be benefitted by my communications ? The Spaniard, from whom you just have parted, seemed to intimate, there was some villany at work in Malaga, against those for whom you are interested.”

Fauconberg was silent, for though, with every disposition to place confidence in the faith of Inigo, yet prudence whispered caution, in acknowledging suspicion of the hypocritical capuchins, lest it might defeat the purpose for which he had followed his hapless friend to Spain.

The ingenuousness of Albert’s countenance proved the index to his mental

reasoning, and after a pause of anxious observation, Inigo exclaimed, in a tone of chagrined feeling,—

“ You fear to confide in me, *senor*.”

“ I candidly acknowledge I hesitate,” said Fauconberg, “ nor can you wonder, when my memory presents me with your avowal yesterday, ‘ of having no prisoners under your care ;’ yet, I since have learned, you have a captive here.”

“ *Senor*, it would have ill become me to betray a trust confided in me, to a perfect stranger, where nothing called forth such confidence. That captive was given to my care by those whom, for many a year, it has been my hapless destiny to obey. My orders were to be respectful to my captive ; but to allow none to get sight of her, as her bitter enemies were in quest of her. None but savages could treat so mild, so sweet, so celestially resigned a young creature with disrespect, or cruelty ; and as from the *Donna* herself I learned the alarm for her safety was not ideal, and that she alluded to her appre-

hensions in tones that thrilled the agony of her fears through my heart, I guarded her from harm, as if she were my Isadora ; yet, I was not considered trust-worthy, I conclude, for the Donna was taken hence, at a late hour last night, by those who had brought her hither."

"Taken hence!" Albert exclaimed, in dismay, and turning so deadly pale, that Inigo, in alarm, promptly brought him a glass of water, as he said—

"I see your deep interest for this lady, senor, and that you considered her in safety whilst in my charge. But, senor, to evince that gratitude can effect more than gold with me, I will give to your perusal a paper, containing a few lines of English, and therefore their purport I do not understand. This paper was found last night in the bosom of our Isadora, when her mother undressed her, and which she said 'the lady had placed there,' but for what purpose the volatile child had forgotten, and we could not comprehend."

Inigo now produced a paper, on which were written a few lines, which were at once recognised as the characters of Alvina's pen, by Fauconberg, who eagerly read—

“Fly this fatal country, or I must once more abjure the faith that is engraven upon my heart, and take those vows which alone can preserve the safety of a beloved brother!”

“I ask not for a translation,” said Inigo, kindly, “for I can comprehend it. Senor, I read your heart,—judge mine justly.”

The agitated Fauconberg grasped the hand of Inigo, in attestation of that judgment. Inigo returned the pressure in cordial amity, and firmly said,

“What can I do for you?”

“Tell me where to find her.”

“Alas! I cannot: but despair not. There is scarcely a familiar in all Grenada that I cannot wind round my finger; and if there is faith or gratitude in man, I will discover her abode for you.”

After gratefully acknowledging this meditated service, Fauconberg requested to know,

if admissible, by whom the lady had been given to his charge?

“By the superior of a monastery of Dominican sisters, and the celebrated father Sancho Torquemada. Although both are well known to me, senor, I have no hope of obtaining from either information of the young Donna’s present residence; for had they faith in me, they would not have removed her from my care.”

“Perhaps,” said the agitated Fauconberg, “they discovered the visits of the capuchin friar and the English senor there. That friar, father Sancho, known to be the dire enemy of that hapless Donna.”

“Had I known this, whilst I had power to act,” responded Inigo, “I would have proved myself the young Donna’s friend, and have advised and aided her flight from persecuting bigotry, to safe and honorable protection.

“Believe not this the boast of hypocrisy, senor, for I have been too vital a sufferer from the pernicious influence of blinded

zeal; that gave gigantic power to the arbitrary scourge which blighted all my earthly happiness, not to revolt from bigotry, in every form it may assume.”

The commiserating Albert saw, in the anguish of this heart-wrung man, all that could guarantee fidelity, and no longer feared to give him the confidence required; and, in return, Inigo imparted, “That the messenger just arrived, had brought a mandate for his (Inigo’s) repairing, at a specified hour, to a certain monastery, to hold a conference with father Sancho.”

The appointed hour was nigh; it was therefore necessary for Fauconberg to depart, and he took leave, after Inigo solemnly promised, that should this interview with father Sancho present any clue to the abode of lady Alvina, to lose not a moment in repairing to the consular house with the intelligence.

The hour at length arrived for Fauconberg to present himself at the prison-gate for admission, when Inigo, attired in his official

habit, conducted him to his secret station, where, upon being established with a solemn caution, 'let feeling be ever so painfully excited, neither to make exclamation nor movement;' Inigo departed, to be in readiness to receive the demons he expected.

From the painful meditations the revolting nature of his present situation inspired, Albert was at length aroused by the opening of the great door of the hall, into the whole extent of which his place of concealment commanded a full view, and through which a band of familiars rushed in; in mind at least, chosen familiars of the diabolicals themselves, being a selection from the friars of the black order of San Ramirez. The heart of Albert palpitated its intuitive recognition of the dire community who had sworn vengeance against his friend.

Shortly again the same door unclosed, and a procession of superiors entered: for being merely the assumption of the terrific tribune, they were unlimited by rule, and gave to the subordinate prison the full num-



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the same moment a side-door opened, and an austere high-churchman appeared, with the abbess of a Dominican convent; leading, or rather bearing in the expected culprit.

The heart of Fauconberg bounded wildly; for the order of the culprit was that of Santa Barbara, but it was that of a novice. The heart of Fauconberg beat tumultuously, then sank as to the last throb preceding death,—for in the pretended criminal he recognised Alvina.

Sancho Torquemada, the leader of his lovely victim, in the imperious tones of heartless severity, commanded Alvina to look upon the *san benito* in readiness for her, did she longer contumaciously rebel against the wishes of her true friends, for taking the conventual-vows.

“I have no true friends—not one in this whole country,” replied the persecuted Alvina, in the piteous tones that told heart-resident despair, awakened by her own hopelessness; and through terror for the fate of Xavier, whom she believed in Malaga, em-

phatically pronouncing her having no friend in Spain.

And those tones of heart-resident despair, in which this lovely victim uttered her affirmation, must have excited sympathy in the bosom of every hearer, had any been present possessing one particle of humanity, save Fauconberg alone, who seemed to have absorbed all that feeling in which others were defective; for he trembled in agonized sensibility; his throbbing heart upbraiding him for not rushing forward as her champion; whilst with difficulty prudence penetrated to his conviction:—‘That only by present forbearance could he hope effectually to serve her.’

Alvina, in the pause succeeding her affecting affirmation of friendless desolation, seemed to have acquired some supernatural firmness; for now, with dignified composure, she raised her beautiful eyes, and looking steadily at the inquisitors, in an impressive voice of melody, addressed them:—

“I am, senors, a subject of Britain:—a member of the established church of England:—and, having this very day completed my twenty-first year, no guardian can longer hold jurisdiction over me.” After this declaration, you must be aware, your authority over my determinations is usurped — and further, I now firmly tell you, that not all the persecution that usurpation may devise, shall shake me from the faith my heart cherishes.”

Having now uttered her closing period, as if the sacred Spirit which inspired her was elevating her above the inflictions of the world she was prepared to quit, the grand inquisitor broke his hitherto solemn silence, exclaiming—

“The culprit confesses her heresy! Off with her to the place of torment: To the question with her!”

The shriek was penetrating in its thrill, which burst from the lips of Alvina, as darting forward she sank at the inquisitor's feet, piteously articulating—

“Order me to torture in any voice but that!—My brother!—Oh, my brother!!”—and now covering her face with both her beautiful hands, she wept, convulsively, the bitter tears of kindred desolation, in the agonising supposition of Xavier, in another sad visitation of mental delusion, having, by some inexplicable means, assumed the inquisitorial habit; and, in the suspension of natural affection, his malady occasioned, imbibed this enmity to her.

The unnatural monster, whose voice deceived her, started from his seat in dismayed belief of recognition, as she pronounced “My brother,” and conscience-stricken, for the moment, fled from the hall to the ambush of Ramirez—to importune that miscreant to give up, for this night at least, the seizure of **Alvina.**

CHAPTER V.

THIS counterfeit tribune, though ascribed to compliance with Lady Caroline Townly's wish, originated in the individual projects of Sancho and Ramirez: the plan of Sancho was, by his management of the alarming scene, to terrify Lady Alvina into his determination for her monastic vows; nor would he relinquish the supposititious convention, although he had accidentally discovered the diabolical and long boldly avowed seizure of Lady Alvina, by Ramirez, was to be attempted on her way from the hall of judgment to the Dominican monastery, where she had been confined almost ever since she had, through the machinations of Sancho, been taken by Don Ferdinand from Madrid.

Upon the above discovery, the alarmed Sancho removed the lovely victim of his per-

secution from her Dominican prison to the care of Inigo ; but in apprehension that Ramirez; whilst arranging in the prison-house this scene of terror, for the night of its performance, might develope who was under the care of Inigo, removed Alvina thence, without leaving any clew to her new concealment.

In the moment the Marquis of Silverthorn fled from what he conceived the recognition of his hapless sister, Sancho, not doubting his treacherous colleague was unquestionably to be found beneath one of the disguises around the table, and wishing to lull him into security by a semblance of unsuspecting co-operation, in a tone of inflexibility exclaimed—

“ Your enormity, most perverse and impious apostate, has subdued his highness ;” for to yield the scene all possible imposing consequence, he gave to the impostor the superlative appellation of the Grand Inquisitor of the Supreme Council ; “ In pious horror has his highness fled. I am, therefore, compelled to adjourn the court until seven

days hence; when, at the same hour, we shall be fully prepared to combat with this heretical contumacy;—for, stretched on your wheel, you shall then behold the sorcerer who has wickedly turned you from the true and only true faith.—Yes, that Xavier, with your long unheard-of mother, we have in safe custody, and both of whom your impious contumacy——”

The senses of Alvina at once were chased by the dire intelligence of Xavier, being in the power of these vindictive demons. The abbess, announcing her swoon, terminated the unfeeling menaces of Father Sancho; who, hastily raising Lady Alvina in his arms, darted through the private door by which he had entered, and which led to a passage communicating with the gardens of that Dominican friary, from whence she was to be conveyed to the sanctuary Sancho had prepared for her security.

Inigo, not suspecting his late interesting charge was the individual doomed to perform culprit before this fictitious assembly, had



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bility, as Father Sancho hurried on with her in his arms, attended by the Dominican abbess and a party of their satellites. Maimona, as deputy jailor, accompanied by her torch-bearer, leading the van, until they had almost reached the spot where Maimona's jurisdiction was to terminate; when, in pity for the preserver of her Isadora, and for the lovely victim herself, who had won the goodwill of Inigo's whole family, Maimona suddenly stopped, and, in the harsh tones, and with the stern scowl of her assumed ferocity, exclaimed—

“If you wish the criminal to die outright, holy father, proceed, as you have done, in full speed to the first cemetery chance throws in your way;—but, if you mean she should encounter the scene you promised her next week, pause awhile in this spot, where, through the spiracles above, there comes a refreshing breeze—I have here a bottle of specifics for swooning culprits.”

Maimona, perceiving by the pause of Father Sancho, he purposed compliance with

her advice, roughly snatched the torch out of the trembling hand of the agitated Fauconberg, as she sarcastically said to him in a whisper, adroitly managed for all around to hear—

“ You a man, Sebastian, and tremble at recollections!—Will you never conquer your agitations in this passage? Fie, dastard, fie!—Was it not duty led you to despatch the fugitive here!—Come, incorrigible trembler, the ground is the resting-place for one whose nerves can be unstrung by recollections.—Seat yourself, and take the culprit’s head on your knees. Here, some one take this torch in charge, whilst I bathe the criminal’s temples. Hold, hold, Sebastian—be not so savagely rough, although she is a heretic.—Can you never comprehend, *tuno!* when policy must lead one to compassion?”

The skilfully manœuvring Maimona, now arranging her ample body in stooping over Alvina, to intercept the view of observation in this narrow pass, the re-animation of Alvina, her mental renovation, and the cau-

tious whisper of Fauconberg, all took place ere Father Sancho was aware that his charge was convalescent.

The whisper of Albert was necessarily compressed in a few words—"It was not the voice of Xavier you heard—He is not here, but has sent hither Father Felipe, Lopez Peralta, and myself, to attempt your rescue. Where shall we find you?"

"I know not," was the almost inarticulate reply of the amazed Alvina; whilst trembling in terror, lest even the noiseless movement of her lips should betray their amity.

"Send some clew to Inigo, or to the consular house for me, if possible," said Albert, when the wary Maimona, believing it most prudent to end the perilous conference, started from her knees, declaring the culprit equal to proceed.

Sancho, in alarm lest the machinations of Ramirez should overmatch his own, raised the recoiling Alvina from the support of tenderness; and soon entering the last door of

Maimona's district, Alvina was lost to the view of the heart-wrung Fauconberg, whose courage, humanity, and love, painfully upbraided him, for allowing Alvina to be torn, by usurped authority, from the protecting arms which had actually encircled her; and vain proved every effort at consolation suggested by his judgment, "of the impracticability, the folly, the madness of resistance, so unprepared as he was for contest, and when defeat must have terminated in total destruction to every hope, not only for the rescue of Alvina, but of his other hapless friends."

The only consolation poor Albert could derive from the kind Inigo, was through intelligence of his having despatched confidential familiars, to keep a wary watch over the monastery of Dominican sisters, which, he had long suspected, contained a secret communication with the Dominican friary approximate to the inquisitorial prison; and to mark the route taken by any person, or carriage, that might diverge from thence during the night.

So subdued was Albert, that it was with difficulty he found the faculty of walking home; and so poignant was his agony at being compelled to leave Alvina to that merciless cruelty which could meditate the diabolical climax to Xavier's sufferings, which Sancho had threatened; and his horror at the possibility of that demoniac threat being realized, that Mr. Bellwood, and the anxious Dermod, felt every reason to anticipate the morrow finding him the powerless tenant of a bed of sickness.

But Fauconberg was too anxious for ability to remain an active agent in the rescue of his friends, not, after the first paroxysms of agitated susceptibility, to call up every particle of firmness he could command; and the morrow found him one of the most effective counsellors of their anxious senate.

To improve the friendly disposition of Inigo, upon whom the principal hopes of Albert rested, he failed not to pay an early visit to his kind friends at the prison-house, to thank them for their services the preced-

ing night, and to deposit remuneration for the familiars, who had performed the unavailing watch upon the Dominican monastery, as nothing issued thence through the street during the whole night.

For his visit to Inigo, Albert stored his pockets with appropriate gifts for Isadora: and, really feeling it would have proved no exertion to talk with sympathy upon the infant misfortunes of this engaging child, in the mysterious fate of her father, were not his every thought rivetted, in bitter agony, upon Alvina and Xavier, he voluntarily entered into conversation with Inigo upon his late domestic calamity.

But so little of exertion, and so much of genuine interest, appeared in the sympathy of Albert for the sorrows of poor Inigo, that the heart of this unfortunate, as well as his gratitude, swore devotedness to the preserver of his Isadora, and led him on to confide in Albert the cause of the first imprisonment of his son-in-law—confidence that was succeeded by placing in the hands of the compassionate

senor, documents ; Aurora, held in her possession, relative to the transaction, which, had borne so heavily upon Geronymo.

Geronymo, a mayoral of some consequence, had been prevented, by illness, from travelling with his flocks to their *agostaderos* or summer quarters ; and who, on his way to join them, at length, in lodging in an obscure *venta* one fatal night, accidentally became spectator of the assassination of an English traveller, whom he had no power to rescue. Unconscious of having been descried in his supposed concealment, Geronymo stole away ere morning, bearing with him some written papers belonging to the assassins ; meaning, through these documents, to give information relative to this pitiless transaction at the first town he was to pass through ; but the perpetrators of the dire deed followed Geronymo, seized and sent him, under inquisitorial sanction, to the care of Inigo, out of the way, as their finite wisdom believed, of effecting mischief ; but, unconscious of the important papers in his possession, left them in his hands.



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lofty rocks, from the summits of which, down to the valley beneath, were scattered picturesque clumps of the most luxuriant trees, or romantic thickets.

The inhabitants of this *cortijo* were a farmer and his family, who managed the concern for the holy sisterhood to whom it belonged; the protection of the *cortijo*, a friary of Dominicans, snugly deposited in a glen, immediately below the farm, filled with a jolly company of ex-familiars, who had borne active parts in the service of the supreme council, prior to the suspension of its power; and though some were grown old during years of inactivity, many remained in full prime to form a formidable host of defence.

To the prison of this *cortijo* the only entrance was from the vaults of the farmhouse, and hewn out of a rock; there was no other possible inlet or retreat. The excavation in the rock formed two apartments, a chamber and sitting-room, each containing a small ivy-mantled window, thickly grated,

looking to a rock which faced the prison, sufficiently near to spread a sombre shade over those gloomy efforts at cheering the sad prison with the beams of day ; yet too much apart for the possibility of communication ; for in the romantic chasm which separated these rocks, and many a fathom below the scarcely visible windows, flowed a mountain stream, deep and impetuous.

Their investigation convinced Inigo that the prison was impregnable as long as it was faithfully guarded : but Sancho being his wary associate in this examination, Inigo had no power to make a false statement of its invulnerability ; and in consequence of the satisfactory appearance of all things, Sancho issued orders for immediate preparation for receiving a prisoner that very night. And he having so arranged, ere he set out for the *cortijo*, that his hapless victim should be in readiness for prompt removal upon his return, the moment Sancho's carriage entered the portal of the monastery, and Inigo had alighted, fresh mules were harnessed on, and

Inigo had the mortification to behold the carriage roll by him on its road to the *cortijo*, ere he had moved two hundred paces from the convent-gate, on his rapid way to impart his intelligence to Fauconberg.

To assail this *cortijo*, without the co-operation of the police, was impracticable; and the formation of any stratagem, that could elicit the hapless captive from a prison such as Inigo described, posed the anxious little senate now assembled. Nothing but the force of gold seemed to wear any hope of promise; and that Inigo advised their placing no faith in; and to be cautious how they attempted its effect upon the farmer at the *cortijo*—"alman," he said, "formed by nature for the inquisition—in heart and soul a specious, fawning, wary hermandad, devoid of honor, conscience, and humanity."

But in place of the relinquished hope in the power of bribery, Inigo had no substitute to recommend; though he acknowledged time pressed importunately; since, on their road home, father Sancho had, as it seemed,

unwarily dropped—‘ That only for a very few days should he require this security for his captive, as in a very few days he should set all the craft and daring of Ramirez at defiance, and all the force of the universe at nought, as she would then be on her voyage to far distant climes.’

CHAPTER VI.

At length, as an acknowledged-forlorn hope, the feeble result of an almost whole night passed in consultations, the heart-wrung Albert, in the uniform of a British naval officer, belonging to Mr. Bellwood's brother, and Dermod attired as a common sailor, with a necessary portion of baggage, and means of defence, and accompanied by Inigo as far as his guidance was requisite, set out for the *cortijo*, leaving the other members of their anxious confederacy still in Malaga, to continue every effort for discovering some clew to Xavier and the abbess of Santa Barbara's.

Fauconberg, with a pencil and sketching-book in hand, entered this romantically situated *cortijo*, as the individuals of the family were about to disperse, after their

dinner, to the present busy vocation in the vineyard. The family assembled, besides pigs and a calf, consisted of Rocco Barbiano, (the farmer,) his wife, his mother, his daughter, two female, and three male domestics; and never were seven individuals so little indebted to nature for prepossessing exterior: every look and movement of each beamed with a fell blight to hope of co-operation.

Fauconberg, in assumed accents of one but little acquainted with the national language, requested information—"If he could be accommodated with lodging and board in any monastery or *cortijo* thereabouts, for a few days, whilst he took views of the surrounding scenery?"

Rocco, with soft-mannered, sweet smiling civility; whilst from his eyes diverged shrewd glances, to penetrate into all that could be construed from the appearance of the strangers, professed having no knowledge of any such accommodation, and was about to dismiss them, with a specious * *Vaya, V. M. con*

* May you be under the protection of the Virgin.

la Virgin, when Rocco's daughter, through the broken language in which Fauconberg affected to make his inquiries, conceiving he was come to take portraits in the neighbourhood, and having a strong fancy to have her broad nose and mouth spread out upon canvas, for the extended admiration of posterity, determined he should find accommodation even in her father's *cortijo*, and that immediately, lest any of her fair neighbours should take precedence of her in the fortunate *éclat* of being delineated by an English artist; and being an only child, and the regulator of her idolizing parents, she, without hesitation, not only signified her intentions, but pronounced—"That the strangers should have the two beds in the spare room, as they would not be otherwise in requisition until the eve of All Souls, when they would be required for the repose of *las Animas*."

Rocco, from a moment's cogitation, conceiving an English naval officer, so perfect a stranger in Spain as he appeared, was not one to fear relative to his fair charge, whose



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morrow, might produce; set out with her mother and the domestics to toil in the abundant vineyard.

Rocco, leaving his apparently crippled mother as guard upon the premises, undertook to show his new inmates a few contiguous passes to the most striking views of the surrounding scenery.—and then took leave, with so much fawning civility, that the prudence of Fauconberg felt impressed with the necessity of wariness: and under conviction, that for the first day, at least Rocco, would be his ambushed observer, painful as it proved to his forbearance, he compelled his steps to stray wide from the attractive spot he panted to hover near, with intensity of observation, and to take his first sketches, at an unsuspecting distance: and soon he found reason to applaud his forethought, by perceiving Rocco, as he had anticipated, in vigilant watch upon his movements; and thus convinced of the proximity of a spy, no conversation passed between the pretended tars; whilst, to give every im-

pression of undesigning occupation, Dermod, whilst his master was employed with his pencil, carelessly lay at his feet in apparent slumber.

It was no great effort in Dermod to speak almost unintelligible Spanish, so that he performed a foreigner, little acquainted with Spain, most naturally; yet, whilst appearing in amazed admiration at their national customs and manners, he made his way to the favor of Rocco's family, and contrived to obtain useful information for his master, whom he painted for the Barbianos, "as an unobserving personage, who cared for nothing but his pencil and romantic scenery."

Through this management, Rocco, allured from suspicion, soon thought it unnecessary to watch the actions of his new inmates, who, under pretence of extending their rambles in search of scenery, planned a bridge across the stream over which the prison of Alvina hung; which Dermod, with piles of stones, and boughs of trees, most ingeniously executed; and, to the wonder and delight of

Rocco's family, this picturesque work of enchantment arose, that would considerably shorten their way to many places, when the day of cessation to toil permitted their going in quest of pleasure.

But the family of Rocco had little demand for the feeling of gratitude upon this accommodation ; as it was formed, for leading Fauconberg across the stream, to hold council with a familiar friend of Inigo's, who came daily from Malaga for that purpose ; and, when upon the opposite bank of the ravine, it was but natural the rock, which overhung Alvina's prison, should be visited by Fauconberg, there to make his anxious observations, and to obtain, if possible, the recognition of the lovely captive, to give her proof her friends were near, and energy, through this assurance, to seize any occurrence that might facilitate her rescue.

Two mornings and evenings, Albert and Dermod climbed this commanding rock ; but nothing of Alvina could they descry, nor any form of possibility to erect a hope upon for her



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hope awakened and deferred upon Alvina's heart, made his sicken in sympathy; whilst his absence from individual research for his hapless suffering friend, upbraided him unremittingly; and destroyed his appetite, and rest!

—But there were others of the inmates of the *cortijo*, who felt the sickening pang of hope deferred. The damsel Seraphina became exceedingly indisposed—to practise the virtue of patience, at the deferred arrival of those painting materials, without which her portrait could not be commenced; and Albert, affecting to be equally disappointed at the inattention of his brother sailors, proposed a water-coloured sketch of her beauties for the present, and for her first sitting to be on the subsequent day; but Seraphina, with a deep-drawn sigh, announced, “she could not have that gratification so soon, as, on the morrow, she was going with her parents to the village of V——, to attend the auction to be held there for the benefit of *las Animas*.”

A few questions carelessly asked by Albert, as if merely inspired by the disappointment

inflicted by her engagement, led to the information, "That, ere the late warfare in Spain, and consequent suspension of many pious institutions, it had been the long-established custom, in most of their cities and villages, to hold auctions on the eve of All Souls, for the benefit of the sufferers in purgatory; but that, in consequence of the great increase of such unhappy sufferers, through the late militant carnage, some pious friars, in consideration of the now comparative dearth of holy men to perform the pious service, had arranged for such auctions taking place, at different seasons, in different parts; and thus at leisure, taking in all towns and villages, collect a more considerable contribution than without such a provident arrangement could be accomplished. That in consequence of this wise measure, which they, the Barbianos, knew not of until the preceding day, whilst the senor was out sketching—a sale was to be held at V—, about half a league distant, and which all the family of the *cortijo*, save the

old matron, must attend, it being deemed a heinous crime for any individual, except through inability from sickness, not to make purchases in person, as doing it by proxy was not efficacious for the living, as they had been especially informed by the capuchin fathers, when they called with intimation of the approaching sale, and to collect the *cortijo* contributions of grain, and other articles, for the auction."

"Senor, you will do us the honor to accompany us," said the wary Rocco. "The scene will be novel to an English senor; and every purchase your liberality makes, will benefit a suffering *anima*."

"Why, no," said Fauconberg, with admirable management, preserving the inaccuracy in language he had assumed, whilst he made himself perfectly intelligible—"I will take the opportunity of this absence of your amiable family from the festive board, to go for my painting materials, and to purchase at Malaga an important colour, without which I should not have power to give that



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The moment, in which the dispersion of the family after dinner, liberated Fauconberg from observation, he hastened with Dermod across the bridge, to hoist a signal for their familiar friend, who was on a visit, for that day, at the friary contiguous to the *cortijo*,

The signal was promptly answered, and the familiar, as promptly despatched, to announce to the confederacy at Malaga, the dawn of hope for the morrow, and to require every assistance which the competent judgment of Inigo might consider requisite. Not that the hope of Albert for the morrow had, or could have, any settle plan; for even the familiar, by not daring to absent himself from the sale for *las animas*, could afford no personal assistance to Fauconberg in efforts that must prove spontaneous, inspired by the promise of an auspicious moment or occurrence.

When Albert arose the following morning from the restless pillow of hoping, fearing intense anxiety, he found, to his surprise

and regret, the zeal of the Barbians for the repose of *las animas*, was leading them to the scene of pious emulation much earlier than he had by any means expected; destroying every hope of timely succour from Malaga; and added to this inauspicious circumstance, an impeding annoyance had arrived with the mules he had hired for the conveyance of himself and Dermod to Malaga, in a guide, although when engaging the mules for this pretended purpose, it had been clearly stated—“That no guide could absent himself from the pious mart for any temporary recompense.”

But much as the unexpected attendance of a guide embarrassed Fauconberg, prudence commanded no expression of dissatisfaction; lest it might awaken the suspicions of Rocco. Unmurmuringly, therefore, he mounted his mule, though wishing his guide with the Antipodes; and set out from the *cortijo* at the same moment Rocco and train sallied forth for the auction at V——.

To escape the embarrassment of this guide

seemed impracticable; and to retain him, destruction to every hope for Alvina's liberation. In the moment those for V—— separated from those bound for Malaga, Fauconberg read sullen discontent in the guide's countenance; and having learned from the familiar the exact situation of V——, the point of that day's attraction, as soon as they had turned into a direction where they were no longer likely to encounter those whom they wished to avoid, Albert demanded "How he came to be favoured with a guide?" and the Spaniard replied in a surly tone— "His master had compelled him to forego the benefit of his own soul to look after the mules, not caring to entrust them with strangers whom nobody knew."

Fauconberg affecting violent indignation, sprang off his mule, vowing, in haughty terms, "he would not remain on the back of an animal whose owner dare suspect his common honesty;" and as instantly Dermod, infected with the same sensitive pride of honor, dismounted also, when the guide, too



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CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the half-breathless Fauconberg and Dermod arrived at the *cortija*, though determined upon some desperate exertion for the rescue of Alvina, yet, without any project arranged for separating the watchful matron from the bell-chain, which always, ere she was left on guard, was securely twisted around her by Rocco in so judicious a manner, that the least violence offered to her must toll an alarm for the monastic guard.

The only passage to Alvina's prison was through a trap-door, beneath the arm-chair upon which this Cerberus was seated, as it were, to prevent the living from entering, and the entombed from escaping the regions which she guarded.

Having no cake to appease the barking of this Cerberus, nor lyre to lull to sleep whilst

they sought her whom they came to liberate, it seemed that, like Hercules, they must drag her from her post; and Fauconberg gently approaching to reconnoitre how they might silence the alarm, whilst they severed her from the chain, to his infinite surprise he perceived a hand covering the face of the aged figure before him, not like that withered one he had been wont to see; and now, with an intent gaze of scrutiny, he recognised not the mother of Rocco in this guard, but one of the young females who worked upon the farm;—one considered so impenetrably inapprehensive, that she was the derision of the whole family; and so little in favour with the heads of it, that without bowels of compassion for her spiritual welfare, they would not yield her the benefit of attendance at the pious sale; but on that day had left her a hard task for performance in the vineyard.

The penetration of Fauconberg at once developed his unexpected return was a source of alarm and perplexity to the damsel Lucinda; and that this embarrassment and

apprehension, proclaimed her as not acting under the auspices of Lady Alvina in this assumption of the daily attire and post of the aged matron; or it would have been in that unity of interest, that must intuitively evince itself, although power of concert in operation had not previously been theirs. Alarm of Ramirez, therefore, instantly assailed his dismayed senses; and this alarm was promptly followed by conviction of the pious friars, who so suddenly arranged this premature sale for *las animas*, being no other than the impostor, capuchins; and that the manœuvre was adopted for drawing off the incorruptible guard, and placing an agent of their own upon this important duty.

To question the impostor would be only to betray himself, and possibly lead to the prompt issue of signals for the destruction of every effort for Alvina. In daring and immediate action rested every hope. Observation now detecting that the removal of the clapper from the bell had been accomplished, confirmed the agonizing suspicions of Albert;



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ascent to the prison, the heart of Fauconberg fluttering signals of approach to Alvina, like the flapping of the eagle's wings as he soars to cleave the current of his aerial track. A bunch of prison-keys had been intrusted by Inigo to our adventurers. Upon one of these fitting the tremendous lock before them depended the fate of Alvina; and the agony of the moment was to Fauconberg almost annihilation.

The apprehension of one failing key destroying the chance of its successor's effect almost paralysed poor Albert in each unavailing attempt; and he was nearly driven to despair ere he found a key of promise. That promise was realized, and the prison of Alvina was no longer closed against him;—but Albert paused,—and whilst his heart breathed its grateful thanks for this success, he tapped at the door to announce approach, and after a lapse of a few anxious seconds, in which no reply issued from within, he ventured to sound his voice in a gently delivered request for leave to enter.

In this anxious moment, and for the first time, the terrific apprehension struck with anguish upon the mind of Fauconberg, of Ramirez having anticipated him,—and that he had absolutely seen Alvina bearing off on the mule of Ramirez. Now in the wild agony of insupportable alarm, he dashed open the massive door, and beheld the lovely Alvina almost transfixed by agitation—her interesting countenance beaming with its blanch and flush, the interminglement of fear and hope, whilst unable to stand without support, clasping the bars of her sombre window with her tremulous hands, to save herself from falling.

“As the agents of your dearest relative, we present ourselves, Lady Alvina,” said the trembling Albert. “You cannot fear to fly under our protection. Be composed, but rapid; substitute this disguise for the habit you wear; and if you prize your safety, be expeditious.”

Albert, not daring to waste precious time by the delay of entering, flung in a *basquina*

and *mantilla* of Mrs. Bellwood's, brought with him for the extrication of Alvina from the peril of her conventual habit, and closed the door for a few anxious moments upon the joy-paralysed captive, who, at length, announced her metamorphose. In a moment more her tremulous frame was tenderly supported by Albert, and Dermod took charge of a small parcel of valuables she had formed in hopes of emancipation, on recognising in the sailor on the rock her preserver of the valley.

The anxieties of the moment were too intense for the admission of speech, and in profound silence they hurried on the descent; when urged by humanity, as well as policy, Albert and Dermod, first placing their agitated charge in impenetrable shade, to conceal the nature of her disguise from observation, bore the struggling agent of Ramirez to the late prison of Alvina, where hastily restoring to her the faculty of shrieking as vehemently as her pleasure willed, in full conviction that not a tone, however piercing,



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as they cast their eager glances in every direction, in gazing apprehension of pursuers, or of Ramirez.—But unmolested, save by those painful fears, they reached the copse where Fauconberg, through the familiar, had appointed some of his friends from Malaga to await him; but where he scarcely cherished a hope of finding any of them, the hour being so much anterior to that he had believed it possible for their arrival; infinite, therefore, was his joy, when he descried here father Felipe and the impatient Don Stefano awaiting his arrival.

The recognition between the venerable monk and the fair Alvina was affecting in its joy; the introduction of Alvina and Don Stefano, brief and cordial, and though more assured through this reinforcement, prudence recommended progress in retreat from the path of danger; which was ultimately to be accomplished in a boat awaiting them in a neighbouring river, which wound its course to the Mediterranean: and in little more than an hour after the last sad

throb of Alvina's heart as an almost hopeless captive, nothing of the fugitive could be traced in her, but her yet unsubdued perturbation, when beheld in the walking dress of a Spanish lady; seated by Mrs. Bellwood in the consul's boat; the consul himself at the helm; Fauconberg in his Spanish hat and *capa*; and Dermod in the costume of a *criado* grouped in with the aquatic party: the consul's full band of musicians inviting attention, as our navigators proudly made their rapid way with the current towards the sea; passing in their course the very village of V——, now the scene of attraction to the pious.

At length our navigators anchored in the mole at Malaga—Mrs. Bellwood's carriage was here in waiting, in which the fair fugitive was swiftly conveyed to the consular house; where, through the dictates of prudent caution, the late emancipated captive was decreed to new imprisonment, in a suite of apartments which, intermingling with some containing government stores, enabled Mr.

Bellwood to place her under the security of a regular martial guard.

The gratitude of Lady Alvina to heaven, and to Fauconberg, was heart-resident;— but, to neither, could she publicly announce it. The one was the solemn tribute which her retirement presented her with opportunity for performing. The other being the claim of a young unmarried man, she could have scarcely done otherwise than employ a proxy, in Don Stefano, to express her powerful feelings upon the subject; and the late, agitating events, having subdued her sensitive frame to the exclusion of male visitors from her apartments, she would have considered almost fortunate, as it presented an interdict to her seeing Fauconberg, whilst she felt the power not hers with calm propriety to thank him, had it not been for its depriving her of the panted-for opportunity of obtaining intelligence of her beloved Xavier, from him.

From their familiar friend, Fauconberg and Inigo soon learned there had been



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an order had arrived from the lady abbess, for an armed guard to take its station around the *cortijo*; and intimation to Rocco, that he would receive further instructions when father Sancho returned to Malaga, from whence he was gone for a few days, upon business of importance.

The familiar also brought intelligence of Rocco having found his mother, whose account of her alarming disappearance stated, "That in despair for the future repose of her own soul, upon not being permitted to attend the pious auction, she had allowed her lamentations to reach the ear of Lucinda, the companion of her chamber, when the compassionate girl, taking pity on her hopeless case, had prevailed upon a capuchin friar, Lucinda's kinsman and confessor, to take her, even old and decrepid as she was, behind him on his own safe mule, to the auction at V——, unknown to her son, or any other individual of the family. That to prevent discovery of her absence from her important post, Lucinda kindly arranged to as-

sume her dress, and take her station, during her excursion; that in consequence of this resistless offer, she had put on her best attire, and for the purpose of effecting her concealment from recognition, she had suffered herself to be wrapped in a friar's habit, ere she had been placed on the mule, by the compassionate capuchin, who then most compassionately galloped off with her into the adjacent woods; and in the first hollow he descried, convenient for his kind purpose — out of which she could not crawl, gagged, and deposited her.

This communication left not a doubt of the dire peril from which Lady Alvina had so narrowly escaped, nor of the attempt of the compassionate capuchin to explore his way to the prison chambers, there to find his engaged agent, being only prevented by the unexpected return of Rocco. And in every transaction relative to the providential rescue of the innocent Alvina, might be traced the toils of Ramirez recoiling upon himself. His impious manœuvring for his imposition

upon the credulity of superstition, for withdrawing the protectors of Lady Alvina, and leaving her defenceless to become his prey; proved the most successful project, which merciful fate could have inspired, for saving her from villany and persecution.

The third evening after the escape of Alvina, was that appointed for bringing her once more before the counterfeit tribunal. A few hours prior to the assembling of this tribune, a friendly Dominican, who had formed one of the *cortijo* guard, imparted to Ramirez the removal of the captive from the care of Rocco to the monastery of Dominican sisters in Málaga, having taken place in the preceding night; in consequence of this communication, Ramirez made the plausible pretext of severe indisposition, as an excuse to Sancho for an absence from the hall of judgment; that would, he trusted, yield him opportunity of seizing his long determined prize on her way, either to or from the scene of terror, for he had won to his interest the principal gardener of the



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dreaded by him, he had consigned the whole of the oratory to Father Sancho, who, having motives of his own for eliciting but few words from the supposed culprit, sternly demanded her decision in a monosyllable.

But ere we proceed with this scene, we must announce the triumphant joy upon having out-witted Ramirez, which filled the bosom of Sancho, as he shot glances of exultation upon the person whom he conceived the boaster who had vowed to seize Lady Alvina, even from inquisitorial power, for Sancho firmly believed that Lady Alvina, under safe convoy, was now making for the gulf of Cadiz, on her voyage to Malabar.

Amongst the Dominicans who filled the guard-house of the *cortijo* was a hermandad, who had long associated as such with Ramirez, and through kindred feelings was in all his secrets, and devoted to his interest. Of this Dominican, Lucinda was the creature; he had obtained for her a service at the *cortijo*, where, through this proximity, she might aid him in any of his diversified

plots of villany. By wearing the mask of stupidity, Lucinda concealed her deep art, cunning, and dishonesty from her companions; and when Ramirez, informed by his Dominican friend, of Lady Alvina, having been removed to the *cortijo* prison, and that he planned his plausible auction for *las Animas*, Lucinda received her full instructions how to lead the old decrepid matron into the toils of her employers. Lucinda performed her part successfully; but in consequence of the numbers of persons flocking to the sale, in every direction, it took so much more time to deposit the poor old woman where she would not be immaturely discovered, than the confederates had anticipated; that Rocco's return, and summon of the monastic guard, destroyed the expectation of Ramirez, for penetrating to the impregnable prison of the *cortijo*.

Lucinda no sooner found herself imprisoned, than terror, at her stern master's wrath, led her to the project of evading it: secure, that should the fact of Lady Alvina's

escape not reach the ear of Ramirez, that he and his able counsellor, her Dominican friend, would devise some other more successful project, to elicit the supposed prisoner from her cage, and that, as Lady Alvina, she stood this chance of liberation unpunished. To facilitate this hope, she hastily assumed the novice's habit the fugitive had left behind, placing her own discarded clothing out of view, so that when Rocco came to ascertain the security of his prisoner, deceived by the gloom and dress, in the cursory view his eager haste to guard the premises permitted him to take, he retired quite satisfied that all was safe.

Lucinda having been the sole attendant of the late prisoner, selected for her apparent stupidity, knew there was nothing to apprehend from her successor in that office, if she continued silently moping in the darkest corner, with her veil judiciously arranged, whilst the domestic cleaned the prison; and as to her food, she was aware, that would be supplied as usual through the agency of ma-



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mand; but Sancho, observant of how much was absent to make her performance of Alvina pass current, became almost suspiciously anxious to pass sentence upon her, that the *san benito* might effectually conceal her from the detection which would destroy his deriding triumph over the boasted daring of his humbled friend.

The nun, in obedience to the inquisitor's command for brevity, in reply pronounced the specified negative; and Sancho sternly exclaimed—

“She persists in heresy!—Officials, perform your duty!—Clothe the culprit.”

“Officials, perform your duty!—Clothe the culprit!” exclaimed the personage who filled the chair of state, in a voice penetrating like the trump of fate to every culprit's ear, as starting from his seat, a chasm yawned beneath his feet, through which a phalanx issued, not more formidable in aspect than in number; who, seizing the unprepared Sancho, threw a *san benito* over him, whilst others of the force secured the remainder of

the surprised miscreants who had formed this mock tribunal.

“Hypocrite!” said this man of power; even the grand inquisitor of Spain himself, addressing the terror-stricken Sancho, “You are caught in your own toils, and many and mighty are the misdeeds which, even in this sublunary world, you have to answer for, besides your thus sacrilegiously converting a sacred institution into your base tool, for persecuting the victim of your private enmity. But that victim, being a British subject, the court of Spain protects with all its vigor, denouncing vengeance against all who shall henceforth plan or execute aught against her happiness or safety.”

“Most noble marquis of Silverthorn,” the inquisitor continued, “aware of your proficiency in the Spanish language, through the instructions of your preceptor Ramirez Escalona, I address you in it:—It ill becomes a peer of your honorable realm to herd with hypocritical friars and banditti, to bring an ancient and long time formidable

institution into disrepute. . . . Having done so, you have laid yourself open to the severity of inquisitorial punishment, due to your enormity: but justice in another serious form awaits you. As ally to your monarch, his most catholic majesty, my liege master, arrests you, until the pleasure of your court in respect to you is known to us. Alguacil, perform your duty."



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Grand Inquisitor of the Supreme Council, who arrived in Malaga during the absence of Fauconberg at the *cortijo*;—for, feeling most powerfully his sense of obligation to Don Stefano di Verodia, Don Benino determined to aid him by his presence; and, by his appearance, to arouse the slumbering energies of the ecclesiastic and civil power.

Under the auspices of Don Benino, all was arranged for apprehending the delinquents, when assembled by their own unauthorized convocation in the hall of judgment; where the expectations of his highness were fully realized, in the easy uncontested capture of the offenders present; although, to general disappointment, Ramirez escaped the grasp of retributive justice it had been hoped would have encompassed all: nor could any means, even in the power of Don Benino, discover whither this miscreant and his immediate adherents had fled from the friary gardens. An impenetrable veil hung over them; and vainly now were the once more depopulated monastery of capuchins,

and all its extent of dependencies, minutely searched, in anxious hope of finding, not only Ramirez, but the missing individuals of the Verodia family.

The day succeeding the imprisonment of so many dire offenders, Captain M'Alpin and Lopez Peralta returned from Andalusia, after having met with Jago in Seville; and, through the management of Lopez, obtained possession of the despatches, deemed of such importance by Ramirez, and which proved, upon inspection, the plan of the interior of some sort of labyrinthian building, and its clew, so skilfully arranged as to wear the appearance, to common investigation, of unintelligibility; but, even inexplicable as their prize appeared to them, they carefully brought it to Malaga, in the sanguine hope of finding a solution there.

As nothing relative to the fate of these our confederacy, so anxiously sought, could be elicited from the prisoners, it was concluded they were in the fearful custody of Ramirez; and all became still more anxious to trace

him; and in this unremitting research for the miscreant, Lopez, during a penitential service in one of the churches, discovered; by his voice in the *Miserere*, Don Ferdinand de Verodia, in one of the most determined penitents; and the lights having been extinguished for the doleful ceremony, enabled Lopez to preserve his station by him when his voluntary flagellation commenced; and soon, from close contact, received the unmerciful penitent upon his shoulders, when, enfeebled by mental and bodily suffering, Don Ferdinand swooned. Lopez, at once aware of the wretched man's situation, and aided by his powerful companion M'Alpin, manœuvred to convey him, unobstructed, from the church to the protection of Don Stefano.

The meeting of the brothers, after such a long and eventful separation, was affecting to both; and, opening the usual reserved heart of Ferdinand, through the influence of fraternal tenderness, he entered upon a candid detail to Stefano of all the miseries



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ther, "That the sister, whose uncertain fate Stefano had so long and deeply mourned, still was in existence; and, during all those years in which such impenetrable obscurity had hung over her destiny, under his own immediate protection."

"Sancho Torquemada was my fate," said the pitiably agitated Ferdinand; "he worked upon me, through some magic spell, until the charm dissolved through its own overcharge. He worked upon my piety, Stefano — the only chance, he affirmed, by which our poor, undone sister, could purify her spirit for eternity, was by abjuring the name and offspring of her heretical seducer; and consecrating the remnant of her days to Heaven, as the recluse of a monastery, assuring me, 'exertions to save a soul could assume no form for reprehension: — that even cruelty and disingenuousness would become sacred virtues, when adopted in such a cause.'

"With shame and grief I acknowledge to you, Stefano, the letter which inveigled our

poor penitent from her obscure and hapless home, was from her own treacherous brother Ferdinand. It contained fallacious statements; I thought for pious purposes, importing that her son, Lord Briarfield, had committed a forgery in the name of Father Sancho Torquemada, who had property vested in the Bank of England; and who was arrived in London for the prosecution of the unfortunate criminal: that I had accompanied him in what, I feared, would prove a forlorn hope, of turning the heart of the holy father; from what appeared its inexorable purpose; and entreated her to meet me at a specified hour and place, and to come alone.

“The almost distracted mother attended the treacherous appointment. I was accompanied by Father Sancho. We conducted our hapless victim to the hotel which we inhabited; but I cannot dwell upon the heart-rending scene. The throes which rent the maternal bosom, did not subdue a brother's! —No; the iron shield of bigotry encom-

passed my heart, and made it any thing but human—No, Stefano, I cannot dwell upon that scene of dire deliberate barbarity. We allowed no alternative, barbarians as we were, to the kneeling, weeping, shrieking, supplicating mother; as we unshrinkingly rent every fibre of her maternal tenderness. To rescue her legitimate son from ignominious death;—her illegitimate from the poniard of private enmity, we told her she must devote her future days to the purification of her precious soul in the supremacy of the monastery of Santa Barbara; and in this alternative was comprised the anguish of abjuring all intercourse with her children, under the arbitrary interdict of her supposed death.

Maternal apprehension overbalanced maternal gratification. To save the lives of her sons, Lady Westhaven took the solemn abjuration we administered, as the price of their safety; and she was borne to Spain an almost insensate wreck of blasted happiness, as



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Yet, how did every foregoing misery fade in comparative suffering, when Don Ferdinand learned from his sympathising brother that he had been for years the dupe and tool of the actuating assassin of a beloved sister; yet, the last sad cruelty practised towards that surviving sister, whom by his bigotry he had made so wretched, Stefano forbore to tell him, fearing its effect upon his suffering feelings of remorse; and the only consolation to his self-upbraiding anguish, which this affectionate brother could administer, was in the intelligence of Alvina's rescue from her ruthless persecutors and fearful foes; and of her dutiful wish for being sufficiently recovered from indisposition to see him, and tell him, "she remembered all the kindness he had evinced to her whilst she had been under his protection."

In a few days after the restoration of Don Ferdinand to liberty and the kindness of real friends, Dermot O'Chanter summoned Fauconberg to a private conference, in evidently agitated haste, to importune for permission

to take Carlo with him to join in the search for Ramirez.

“ I must say, master Albert,” quoth Dermod upbraidingly, “ ’tis a cruel case, after the noble part the noble baste performed against the tigers of the valley, not to be letting him try his luck in this emergency. Where was the morsel of use, myself would be mighty glad to know, of his coming away from the comforts of ould England, poor mortal! to be clapt up in a state-prison, whin I’ll be bail if Ramirez were to show his nose where Carlo could descry it, he’d snap it off in a twinkling; and lead him by it into the clapper-claws of our clutches.”

“ Why, Dermod, what has become of your apprehensions of Carlo’s being shot by Ramirez ?” said Albert.

“ As to that, your honor, I will have my pistol ready, to anticipate the shots of the raps of the world; but the truth is—which I wish to preface a morsel, master dear, feared of stagnating you with the commotion of joyful hope, Senor Lopez, whom, upon

my safe conscience, myself begins to believe stanch, which I know will be agreeable for you to hear."

"But you talked of hope. To the point, to the point, my good Dermod."

"Oh, faith! the point—has the eye in it, this time, your honor, and success to the sharp one of senor Lopez! wid whom, captain M'Alpin, and some of his crew, I am going in a boat to fish for intelligence, afore-nent the spot where we picked up Don Stefano. Bekease, your honor, Lopez seen two quare-looking figures embark in a cockle-shell from the Mole; and though not accoutred as capuchins, bearing two faces under one hud, yet being mendicant friars wid one face under two huds, the circumstance of a double capouch, one blinding the light, which t'other might accommodate an observer with, awakened suspicion in the mind of Lopez at onst; and Captain M'Alpin not seeing what call friars have to boats, not being addicted to water, they are both of a mind, that one is the *rapparee* we seek."



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CHAPTER IX.

AT length our animated navigators, arriving at the port of their projected destination, at once determined to debark; when, after a minute investigation of the apparently deserted hermitage, Lopez discovered upon a wall some characters, which he recognized as the hieroglyphic of Ramirez; and which stated, “that the person they were addressed to was to follow the writer, who was going up the river towards the Alhama Mountains.” This unexpected clew led our party to re-embark, and enter a river which disembogued into the Mediterranean, and proceed as far as they found it navigable; where all, but those selected to take charge of the boats, landed; and, in a miserable hovel, close to the embankment, they discovered some boys waiting to hoist signals upon the expected return

of some contraband dealers; and from these boys they obtained information of two friars having, about an hour since, disembarked a little higher up the river, where larger craft could not float, and had then proceeded up the pathway towards the Sierra.

Our party perceiving the statement, relative to the abandonment of the boat, to be true, determined to proceed by the path the boys pointed out as the shortest to the mountains; and not very long had they paced it ere they were attracted by the sudden growl of Carlo, as if he had obtained scent of some one, whom his wondrous instinct taught him to abhor.

“Come, come, my sagacious pilot!” exclaimed one of the seamen, impatiently, to Carlo, “steer us on to the enemy; and have done with your confounded music.”

“Augh, then, where’s your ear for music, that yourself can’t see; he is *noting* the Rogue’s March!” responded Dermod indignantly.

This allegation in the pun of Dermod was

true ; and none of the party, doubting the science of Carlo, they implicitly followed him as leader of their band ; and at length arrived at another hermitage, which they found bearing no vestige of inhabitants, and where all trace of scent seemed lost by Carlo. But the circumstance of the scent having terminated on the hearth of the little dwelling, led to particular investigation, which at length detected an iron funnel in the chimney, which formed a passage to a sequestered ascent up the Sierra, at whose base the hermitage had been erected for covering this secret pass.

- Through this funnel our adventurers made their way ; and, though not without some difficulty, succeeded in the admission of their provident stores ; and, after a long meander up a steep and thickly-wooded ascent, they emerged upon a level sward, from which they could obtain a view between the clumps of luxuriant trees, of a most enchanting prospect below ; but from this spot appeared no possibility of further progress up the mountain, until Carlo, recovering the lost



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bound to the hand of his master, and perfectly amenable to control.

At length they descried a human figure, approaching up a winding path; as he drew near, they perceived him to be clad in the habit of a hermit; as he drew nearer, they saw he was an old man, with a countenance strongly marked by dauntless ferocity.

When arrived at the door of his dwelling, the man, in full security of having no observer, threw off his hermit's trappings and discovered to Lopez, Raphael, whom he had known as bearer of wood to the capuchin monastery, said to come from their *cortijo*; and who always took back with him infinitely more provisions than one individual could possibly consume.

Our adventurers now determined to discover whom he did feed; and presently beheld him draw forth the borrico, throw panniers over him, in which he deposited three portions of food; and leading the borrico to the base of the almost perpendicular sierra, and giving a savage kick to the

poor patient animal, to the amazement of the concealed spectators the borrico commenced the ascent by spiral steps, hewn out of the rock, to a pinnacle, a formidable height above the base of the monumental cross, and where after his arrival disappearing for about a dozen minutes, re-appeared, and cautiously performed his descent in safety.

Lopez unaccompanied, now presented himself before Raphael; who instantly snatched up a whistle suspended round his neck, which Lopez dexterously seizing, exclaimed—

“Hist! do you not recognise a *camarada*? I am here, master Raphael, as bearer of important despatches for our abbot, whose own hieroglyphic below directed me hither. Where shall I find his reverence?”

“Ha! I well remember your merry face, *camarada*; our lord abbot. I have just escorted down the sierra, towards the hospital of our late flourishing establishment. But, hay! what have we here?”

And now taking out of the panniers a

broken branch of a tree, on which was rudely carved some letters, which, either through lack of sight, or capacity, he could not decipher, and believing Lopez a faithful *compañero*, he put it into his hands to read for him, when Lopez soon made out the following notice:—

“The prisoners must perish, if the damage be not repaired.”

“Diablo! confound the fool!” exclaimed Raphael angrily,—“why not announce this yesterday? I could have then informed the abbot.”

“Suppose I scramble up to see what is the matter?” said Lopez; “you need not fear entrusting me, master Raphael, who am in the secret of your having prisoners above; and of consequence too.”

“By San Jago! the secret is yours.—But, if you could find wings for the flight up, master merry-face, the diablo must lend his imps to open the way for your inspection, through the pen of the goose, that sends down such a lame notice.”



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invited the appearance of his confederates ; whom, by his gesticulation, he induced to seize Raphael and himself, and bind them to each other back to back.

This bondage of the two Spaniards being effected, Fauconberg drew the borrico from the shed, and ordering the detention of Carlo below, mounted the sturdy animal, and without hesitation commenced the perilous ascent ; which would have been madly impeded by the dismayed Dermod, in some wild attempt to aid him, had he not fortunately felt aware, that the safety of "master Albert dear" must, in this instance, solely depend upon that power, which gifted the borrico for such an undertaking.

A few moments of anxious observation led M^r Alpin to retrace the firm foot-falls of the borrico, aided by a climbing-pole which he had found in the dwelling ; and no sooner did Dermod perceive what Caledonian enterprise and attachment could accomplish, than he resolved Hibernia should not be outdone, and without any aid but his own

wild scrambling energies, retraced the footsteps which had preceded him ; when Carlo, no longer under control he would submit to, made his way up, to greet his master's safe arrival on the summit.

The agitation of Lopez, whilst these intrepid men performed their enterprise, suspended speech—not so with Raphael, for during the ascent of our daring adventurers, he spouted out the most vehement curses, and dismaying predictions ; but, when he perceived the achievement accomplished, despair seemed at once to seize him, when it required every effort of Lopez to prevent his hurling them both down the steep, to facilitate his own escape from the vengeance of Ramirez.

“What the *diablo* can you fear from our lord abbot ?” demanded Lopez, affecting to tremble with sympathetic apprehension.

“*Por vida del diablo !* I shall be placed above, and starved to death in that infernal prison, where all the spirits of darkness perform their dreadful revels by night and by

day. No doubt the unwilling tenant of the portal-cage will tell tales to those English busy-bodies, who will not suffer even those of other nations to be oppressed : and so by this means I shall be done for," responded Raphael.

"Ah! woe is me! whined out Lopez; "we shall both be done for, *camarada!* our bacon will be squeezed into **queso de puerco* for it; but hold, *camarada!* these stock-still fellows, who seem of the sort not to take the lead in uncertain enterprise, may understand our language, and learn our secrets; I must humbly question the senors."

Lopez now, in the writhings of his affected alarms, manœuvred the back of Raphael to the party here inactively awaiting communications from above; and, by thus facing them himself, he, unobserved by his *compañero* in bondage, performed his signals; and after a moment exclaimed joyfully—

"Thanks to San Jago! they cannot com-

* Pork cheese.



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these inevitable death-beds," demanded the still shuddering Lopez. "The woman was conducted through a subterraneous pass from the hospital, by a monk of the old establishment of capuchins, whom our wily abbot won upon; but, some higher influence commanding this recreant friar to Madrid, ere the male prisoner arrived, we were compelled to tow him up by scaling ladders, and force him down the causeway, as we call the stony descent, which, through the brave resistance he offered, caused the damage complained of. The confederate capuchin promised to send a clew for the subterraneous way, from some records he knew of at Madrid; but, it is feared, its bearer has been murdered on the way."

"Suppose I were the bearer of that very plan, what benefit would it yield us, *camarada*?"

"About as much as an esparta rush, unless we could escape to the hospital, and

procure food to preserve the prisoners, still to glut the vengeance of our lord abbot.”

“Who could supply food at the hospital? I thought the police had routed our whole horde.”

“The police form too loyal subjects to the *diablo* to take much trouble in routing rogues. No, *camarada*, either through fear or fellowship, they left our holy abbot unmolested, in his hiding-place below.”

“Has our chief sufficient force with him to come up, and attack these meddlers, could we manœuvre ourselves out of their hands?”

“Only two adherents left beside ourselves. However, let the goose above tell what tales he may, these confounded English are as inevitably parted by this failure in the descent from communication with the prison as if seas divided them. So, *camarada*, since you have the important clew, and if you can manage our escape, set about it: for with this clew for my shield, I shall not fear facing our tremendous abbot, who then may set these English at defiance.”

Lopez having now obtained all the information he required from Raphael, issued signals for his own liberation; after which, our party bound the almost frantic brigand to the manger of his own borrico, and locked him in; and then shouted to those above to send the borrico down; to take up in his panniers the useful implements they had brought from Malaga.

An expedient, suggested by the communications of the unwary Raphael, was now promptly adopted. The ship rope-ladders they had brought for scaling with, were spliced together by the competent mariners, and sent up in the panniers, and suspended from the massy bars of the cage which formed the portal to the prison, and held down at bottom for the ascent of the aspiring, who had not nerves to attempt the scarcely indented steps, by which the borrico and our intrepid adventurers had gained the summit. A few of the party remained below to guard that pass, or convey intelligence to the boats in waiting.



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prowess arrived ; and who, whilst employed in wresting out the impeding barriers, recognised, in the miserable captive, Inigo's son-in-law, Geronymo, who having encountered Ramirez and a party of his horde, when on his way to the arms of his expecting family, was captured ; and, to glut the vengeance of Ramirez for having, though accidentally, witnessed them under the order of Lord Westhaven, borne to this post of horror out of the possibility of giving evidence against the assassins. Here to attend upon other victims whom Ramirez had long arranged to imprison in caverns of the approximate rocks ; a descent to which had been formed in this terrific dell, by some predecessor in barbarity, commencing from the iron cage by curiously interwoven boughs of spreading trees, resting on masses of rock, which, in some time of winter torrents, had fallen from above into tottering comminglement with the wood and ramifications of this perilous pass.

« The daily passing and repassing of Geronymo over this baseless track, materially in-

jured by the resistance ineffectually attempted by the hopeless Xavier, at length had terminated in disjoining this interwoven structure so alarmingly; that Geronymo found he could no longer venture over it, although the voice of humanity had cried aloud in every plaintive note, the sufferings of those who would in consequence be doomed to perish; and at length slipping off a branch of a tree, as it waved by the bars of his prison, contrived to carve upon it that notice which the borrico conveyed to Raphael.

But so utterly impassable now appeared this terrific descent, that none but the sons of intrepid humanity could, as they hung over its appalling chasms, have conceived any means of repair within their immediate power sufficient to inspire them with courage to launch upon its perils; yet soon enough was effected for the impatient Fauconberg to announce his determination to push on to the rescue of his friend; and as it was now pronounced by the familiars—"That only one individual at a time must dare to venture,"

the difficulty became great to find the individual who would not be the adventurer; for Fauconberg was resolved to be the first to seek Xavier, M^r Alpin his beloved master, and Dermod to be master Albert's substitute in the path of peril.

At length our mariners drawing up a cable from the suspended ladders, slung it round the waist of Fauconberg, and with this precaution Dermod, though with a sinking heart as he viewed the dread abyss, permitted Albert's entering this path of danger, with the directing voice of Geronymo for a careful guide.

When Fauconberg arrived at that point where Geronymo had instructed him to find a plank for forming a pass over a formidable chasm to the prison of the male captive, he perceived the plank already laid; when, concluding it had so remained since Geronymo's last visit, he proceeded over it without hesitation.

So occupied was the mind of the ardent Albert with the joyful hope of being on the



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M'Alpin and López had, by this time, safely followed our leading adventurer, and imbibed the dire alarm of Fauconberg, until the soother Hope was awakened to cheer them by the "may-be" of Dermod suggesting the possibility of desperation having led the prisoners to attempt escape.

And brightly beamed this glowing hope, through the recollection of what filial affection had led Xavier to achieve in the rescue of his father, until their anxious scrutiny of the intricacies contiguous to the tenantless prisons, led to the painful observations of the perils in ambush around; when terror assailed all in fearful anticipation of how attempts to escape might have terminated:—of how the hapless fugitives might be found.

In vain our adventurers consulted the plan López had obtained from Jago, for though they clearly traced the passage from the hospital to its termination on the draught, they still required a clew to lead them to the point of that termination. But, nothing of all they were in quest of could they dis-

cover, until Carlo, in his mazy rounds suddenly paused, and then with loud barking dashed through some luxuriant underwood; and ere these incidents could be communicated from one to the other of our anxious investigators, the sagacious animal had penetrated his beautiful head through a chasm in the granite rock just above them, and by his animated motion seemed to proclaim some circumstance, which his intuition taught him would convey pleasure to his kind master. Attention being now attracted to the spot which Carlo occupied, they distinctly heard a soft, but piteous wail, like the heart's moans of a female in the anguish of despair.

Fauconberg now sprang amongst the underwood Carlo had so fearlessly braved, and, after a puzzling conflict with the intersecting branches, arrived at a stony path, by which, in a meandering ascent, he at length entered a large and lofty cavity in the rock, which appeared as if hewn by the hand of man, into an apartment of nearly hexagonal for-

mation, lighted from every point of the compass by regular fissures; not only admitting light, but wreaths of ivy entwined with various other plants of the same genus.

In this beautiful chamber of wild nature's picturesque embellishing, Fauconberg beheld the moaning daughter of affliction seated on the marble floor; her streaming eyes resting, with a countenance eloquent in despair, on the pallid face of a man, whose frame was stretched upon the ground beside her, his head laid upon her heaving bosom; whilst she seemed to grasp him to her, with the clasp that appeared gifted with the blended influence of tenderness and energy.

Albert rushed forward, and as he caught the hand of the venerated abbess of Santa Barbara, to press it to the lips of esteem and gratitude, he sank down by the side of his inanimate friend, who lay there extended, like the sculptured effigy of surpassing beauty, the striking adornment of the silent tomb.



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agonised mother, was in full operation upon the heart of Fauconberg; he was compelled, by the affection he bore her son, to devote, with the bitterly weeping M^r Alpin, his whole attention to Xavier; and to leave it to Dermod and Lopez, to the effort of consoling her maternal agonies, by assurances her son yet breathed—that they had cordials to revive him; and that they were come for the purpose of rescuing her from the power of Ramirez.”

But these assurances had their basis only in hope; for the state of Xavier seemed such as to set cordials at defiance; and unless they could promptly find their way through the subterraneous passage, and bear him to skilful medical aid, there appeared no chance for realizing their promise; for to bear either of these now helpless sufferers up the dangerous path which they had hazarded they deemed impracticable; but at length, in the full force of their hopeless despair, the remembrance struck Fauconberg of Lady West-

haven having been conveyed to her prison through the very pass they sought.

But Lady Westhaven had little power to aid them in this distress. Her mental agonies relative to the present state of Xavier, with those she had suffered during her conveyance through that subterraneous way, permitted no faculty of reminiscence, excepting of her having heard, almost, without cessation, the purling of water through the whole way, from the hospital to her dire prison.

To give any idea of the mental agonies of Lady Westhaven, from the moment she was borne from the church of her convent, we find impossible; we shall, therefore, simply state, that the emissaries of Ramirez, rapidly conveyed her from Santa Barbara's to the prison selected for her; and where, the day succeeding her deposit there, he whom she had known only as the *Abbé de Floriac*, entered her wretched cell, to stand before her “the confessed assassin of her sister; and, in consequence, her own sworn unceasing and

merciless foe ; out of whose power no force could extricate her ; and to announce to her the momentarily expected arrival of her son Xavier, for captivity in a prison, so apparently proximate, that their mutual plaints of misery would strike on the ear and heart of each unceasingly ; yet severed by a horrid chasm, that must inevitably lead the adventurer to destruction, who should venture to brave the fearful separation.”

For the demoniac enjoyment derived from this vindictive visit, Ramirez had been compelled to descend by the perilous pass from above, through his ignorance of the site of that by which Lady Westhaven had been conveyed ; and, in consequence of the non-arrival of Jago with the expected crew, Xavier had been dragged down this dangerous route to his cell of wretchedness.

It would also prove an utter impossibility for our pen to convey any idea of the feelings which agonised this tender mother and adoring son, when this refinement upon cruelty led them thus to behold, through



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huge masses which formed the tremendous bulwark of their prison; and in these otherwise unsuccessful rounds of intense investigation, he was led to that romantic cavity in which Carlo found him; and into which he had almost daily led his mother, to change the air and monotony of scene for her; although the only *chaise-longue* he could present her in this new drawing-room, was the marble-flooring of the cave. And still they persevered in this daily excursion, when no bodily ailment presented an interdict, though Xavier, with bitter agony of hopeless certainty, felt assured, that here must terminate the extent of his mother's wanderings from her prison; for that, although alone, he might in possibility scale the terrific ramparts which enveloped them, to his mother they must prove insurmountable.

But the descent at length became impassable. The humane Geronimo could no longer succeed in his perilous efforts to reach his fellow-captives, nor Xavier achieve the peril of reaching him, to procure from his

hand the untempting scanty food which cruelty provided for them; and every prospect of prolonged existence thus forsaking them, this hopeless parent and child—this affectionate child, not even for self-preservation deserting his helpless parent—repaired to that commodious cavity which could contain them both, to await their approaching fate, where in death they should not be divided.

In this hopeless situation, filling up the dire pauses of the augmenting pangs of hunger by supplications to Heaven for prompt release by death, each clasped around with the convulsed arm of their dearer self, shrinking in sympathy's piteous anguish; where, but for these agonising throes of affection, each could have endured, with fortitude, the painful sufferings that were bearing them from a world where long had dwelt no happiness for either; when, suddenly, Xavier thought he heard a murmur pass on the breeze that flitted by him, like a tone familiar to his memory, of M'Alpin's voice.—

Another breeze came laden with the voice of

Fauconberg, as if on balmy wings, bearing the sweets of consolation to suffering misery. "But, no, no," murmured the suggestions of Xavier, "these are the illusions of receding life." And now he grasped his mother with more affecting tenderness to his filial bosom; believing their parting pang was not far distant; when Carlo, rushing through an ivy-mantled fissure, stood before him, evincing every mark of joyful recognition. Could Xavier longer doubt of the mercy of Heaven?—No, he could not; and his senses fled in the amazed tumult of his grateful rapture.



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the current flowed, they soon hailed with joy the subterraneous way they sought.

Now flying back to M'Alpin with intelligence of promise, this provident man advised the immediate dispatch of intelligence, by the boats, to Mr. Bellwood, with a request for medical aid to be sent from Malaga to the hospital, whither, he now trusted, they were in fair promise of speedily conducting his poor master.

M'Alpin, in the utilities of his forethought, had brought a speaking-trumpet in his pocket, which now proved of essential service in conveying instructions to those above. To Geronymo permission was given to proceed with those on the wing for Malaga; but to one of the mariners the communications for Mr. Bellwood were confided, as an agent who had no individual feelings to occupy his mind and burden his activity.

But, ere the detachment set out for Malaga, Geronymo lent his aid for lowering those down the fearful descent, who, with their necessary implements and stores, were

to proceed to the hospital, ere his home-feelings and wish for liberty inspired him with courage to venture down the precipice, on the sturdy borrico, to join the companions of his intended voyage.

At length, being ready for advance, M'Alpin and Dermod set out as the tender supporters of Xavier, preceded by their inquisitorial auxiliaries, bearing torches; the mariners armed for the defence of the party; and Fauconberg and Lopez bringing up the rear in this anxious march, in kind care of Lady Westhaven, who was sinking beneath the infliction of her recent sufferings—the transit from despair to unexpected rescue—and her agonizing apprehensions of how this protracted insensibility of her child might terminate.

Had not the inanimate state of Xavier hurried the party onward, we might have been enabled to attempt some description of the sombre grandeur of the halls and arcades of the cavern range they now, through the assistance of the important plan they pos-

sessed, were enabled to convey their rescued charge along; but our anxious troop had no thought to bestow upon any thing, save expedition, in their long passage through the sierra, which at length, contrary to their anticipations, terminated without the use of any of their forcing implements, in the ruins of an aqueduct, out of which the advanced party cautiously emerged, and hailed with joy the light of day in the luxuriant garden of the hospital.

It being expedient to ascertain, if possible, by whom the hospital might be yet inhabited, the rescued sufferers were placed in the most secure concealment of the ruins, under the immediate protection of M'Alpin and Dermod, whilst Fauconberg, Lopez, and the officials emerged from the aqueduct, Albert and Lopez secured from dangerous recognition by effective disguises.

Cautiously Fauconberg and his wary companions proceeded through the garden towards the hospital—originally erected for the benevolent purpose of lodging pious friars,



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and a conventual figure arose through a receding flag of the cloister-pavement, in full view of our ambuscade, as if from the vaults of the hospital. This friar seemed staggering from his just disturbed siesta; and, after a necessary pause to thoroughly arouse the powers of thought and action, scrambled into a niche beneath a spiracle in the portal; and, having looked through the loophole, scrambled down again, and with the endeavour of noiseless steps approached the chasm he had arisen from, where now appeared another hood-winked head.

The man in action now made signals to the rising demon, as if in exultation, which were responded to by this *camarada* springing out of ambush, bearing in his hands pistols, which he promptly placed in his belt, where Albert perceived a poniard in ready arrangement; and then spreading his sacerdotal habit over his weapons, and drawing his cowl forward, folded his arms in devotion's attitude, and in solemn measure followed his *companero* to unclose the gate.

At first, the alarm of Fauconberg had been

excessive, upon consideration of his helpless charge; but the arrangement of arms, for the obvious purpose of assassination, proclaimed, that those who had arrived were not confederates to Ramirez, whom he recognized beneath his cowl, through the testimony of the identical poniard which he had once taken from his possession in the hut of the valley.

The portal-gate opened upon a small party of travellers, comprising a lady and two gentlemen, who courteously requested accommodation whilst their guide proceeded to the next post-house for fresh mules; those they had, having failed in the engagement of taking them up the mountain.

With the most servile courtesy the friar, who performed porter, acceded to their request. Ramirez drew near, and with equal courtesy invited the party to the refectory. They set forward, and the subordinate monk delayed to fasten the portal, after taking the baggage from the departing muleteer, and then followed the unsuspecting travellers.

Fauconberg, in one glance at the traveller

whose arm supported the lady, recognised in him the man whom, from all the world, his wishes would have drawn thither; and, though almost breathless with joyful amazement, his self-possession forsook him not; and, with pistols arranged for prompt action, he, with his companions, pursued the *camarada* of Ramirez as closely as caution in the sounding of their foot-steps would allow. Ramirez conducted his devoted prey to the *comedor*, where, under the guise of ceremony, he placed them most conveniently for his own sanguinary design at a table, where was spread the remains of a tempting banquet. Shortly after, his *camarada* entered; who, pausing once more to ascertain, by a hasty glance at all around him, if every requisite was at hand for their treacherous purpose, his amaze was stunning, on finding another party of strangers in his rear; and, ere exclamation could escape his quivering lips, the climax to his amazement was effected, for he was gagged and manacled,



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Ramirez; and in the moment the miscreant was in the act of levelling a pistol at the heart of Fauconberg, pounced on the vindictive brigand, and seized him by the throat, with the inveterate determination of fierce and tremendous enmity, securing him as a motionless victim for the officials to disarm and manacle.

This scene of active hostility unfolded at once to Macduff and his companions the direful danger from which they had been rescued, and added a considerable portion of the glow of gratitude to that of joy, with which Macduff recognised his friend: joy that was indeed mutual, and on the part of Fauconberg unbounded, who, consigning Ramirez, and his confederate to safe custody, led off Macduff to Xavier, leaving the terrified senora to the care of her brother, the other companion of Macduff, herself the blooming bride of our Caledonian Æsculapius.

Fortunately for the present anxiety of Fauconberg, whilst on service in Spain, Macduff had formed an attachment to a Grena-

dian lady; and immediately upon the reduction in the army, Macduff, having found a promising situation to commence practice in as a physician; determined upon a diploma and a Spanish wife. . . He had obtained both, and was now on his way to the coast to embark for England; when his wife's brother, anxious to display the beauties of the province as they journeyed, had been advised by the master of a *venta*, a few leagues distant, to explore the beauties of the Alhama sierra; and this adviser being on perfect understanding with the various banditti that did business in that track, calculated, that if the seizure at Malaga had exterminated the capuchin horde of the hospital, he should still obtain his share of booty from some other band.

By desire of Macduff, Xavier was borne to the house, and placed in one of the beds established in the hospital for the luxurious bandits; and through the judicious management of our Esculapius, this sensitive unfortunate soon evinced symptoms of returning perception; when Macduff, announcing it

would not be long ere he might awaken to observation of those around him, desired all but his late fellow-sufferer in captivity should retire from view, lest the conviction of deliverance, suddenly striking upon his mind, might occasion a dangerous relapse.

From the moment these symptoms of returning animation evinced themselves, until fully realised, the agitation of Albert and M^r Alpin was pitiable; but that of his trembling mother agony: for they knew not to what his reanimation might awaken, and the interval to them was fearful.

But the mercy of Heaven beamed on the long-suffering Xavier, and his recovery from suspended faculty was now to unimpaired intellect.

“My mother! my own suffering mother!” he faintly articulated in the melting tones of his affectionate heart, “I perceive, by the scene around, mine was no delusive dream: we are emancipated.—Heaven, that heard our prayers, demands our thanks.—Raise me to my knees, dear mother.”



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you have swallowed this reviving cordial, you must neither see nor talk of Fauconberg, much less of brawny Highlanders, who achieve the exploit of sending tears over their Alpic jaw-bones, in attestation that they are not to be admitted where firinness is required."

"My poor—my dear M'Alpin!" touchingly articulated Xavier, about to weep in sympathy. But the cordial, Macduff told him, "must be swallowed, ere he permitted his thinking of any Mac—but Macduff."

This cordial, being supplied by the baggage of Macduff, soon operated with salutary effect; so that it was not very long ere M'Alpin was permitted to appear; but not yet Fauconberg, for our Æsculápius, anticipating what an affecting scene the interview must prove, interdicted so fearful a run upon the bank of sensibility.

Having introduced M'Alpin to become the principal nurse of his beloved master, Lady Westhaven was prevailed upon by Macduff to take sustenance, and then seek that repose

so requisite for her exhausted frame; and at length Mrs. Macduff, an interesting young woman, conducted her ladyship to an apartment, selected and arranged by the active Lopez, who had undertaken the department of *maître de hotel*, from being able to comprehend much of the domestic economy of the late inhabitants.

The present occupants of the hospital mustered so strong a garrison, they would have felt no cause for alarm; could they have felt secure from treachery; but, unacquainted with the dependencies of the premises, they knew not by what subterranean pass concealed detachments, if not of the capuchins themselves, of other hordes, led thither by Macduff's muleteer, or the bandit whom, by the notice our party had found, Ramirez had expected to follow him, might spring up around them; all, therefore, who thus considered the possibility of danger, felt anxious for the arrival of a reinforcement from Malaga: but not until noon the subsequent day did Dons Benino and Stefano, with a perfect

caravan of auxiliaries, appeared before the portal of the hospital.

The arrival of this formidable host was welcomed with sincerity, not usual, in greeting a troop in any form appertaining to inquisitorial power.

The meeting of Stefano with his long-lamented sister was most affecting; but though the tender joy of fraternal affection marked this re-union, it was not a happy moment to Don Stefano; he had that to communicate to his sister, and through her to his nephew, which he knew, to them, could not be pleasurable; of necessity to communicate, although he knew not how the disclosure might affect them.

He had to disclose to them the fact that the king had ordered the execution of the traitors who had betrayed the castle. He knew that this news would be a great shock to them, and he was prepared to support them in all their grief. He also knew that the king's order was a just one, and he was prepared to defend it. He was a man of a strong sense of justice, and he was not willing to see any man executed without a fair trial. He was a man of a strong sense of duty, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle go unpunished. He was a man of a strong sense of honor, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of loyalty, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of patriotism, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of religion, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of morality, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of justice, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of duty, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of honor, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of loyalty, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of patriotism, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of religion, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace. He was a man of a strong sense of morality, and he was not willing to see any man who had betrayed the castle live in peace.



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per Peralta; and long they had not been on their voyage, when a tremendous gale arose, and eventually the devoted vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Cadiz.

With dismay and grief the men on board soon found conviction, that for the female passengers there was no hope of rescue.—The young and exquisitely beautiful Mrs. De la Warr, fully apprised of her own inevitable doom, yet panted to save her child; with the mournful murmurs of the storm were to be heard the plaintive notes of Mrs. De la Warr, with promises of large reward from her husband, supplicating each man on board to save her cherub. At length, Gasper Peralta undertook the hopeless effort. The unfortunate alien, Alvina, had been washed by the rolling surges from the relaxing arms of her swooning nurse, to find her cemetery in the deep; and even whilst he knew not if the howling demons of the tempest were not in waiting to hurl him into the fathomless gulf, which ever and anon opened its terrific jaws before him; Gasper

felt almost frantic in this loss of reward he had thus sustained, and even thus suspended over the yawning gurge of eternity, formed his calculating projects for emolument.

To the arms of Gasper, the despairing mother, with her last piteous kiss and blessing, confided her Adeline. From her finger she took a remarkable ring of considerable value, to be delivered to her husband as a special token of his child's identity, and gave it to Gasper, who now darted with the unconscious babe—or conscious only that terrors encompassed her, lashed to his back, and launched upon the raft which bore him, with those men who dared to venture on it, from the devoted vessel that was sundering piecemeal.

With uplifted hands of exquisite symmetry, the hapless young mother stood for one moment on the side of the sinking wreck, invoking the protection of heaven for her Adeline; but in the next, not brooking separation, she plunged into the foaming deep, and, for a few moments, floated after the raft, which bore away her child: her

luxuriant auburn tresses; so long the admiration of every beholder, now flowing over the finely formed neck and shoulders, which artists had confessed their skill felt posed to copy;—her dark blue eyes, the theme of many a poet's lay, now beaming maternal tenderness, rivetted on the precious buoy that lent her supernatural power to bear her on the raging waters; where her snowy garments rendered her conspicuous in the lightning's flash, or in the beams of burnishing gold and silver emanating from the collision of the boiling surges.

But soon was this lovely being observed by the preceding occupants of the imperiled raft, gradually sinking from her buoyancy. At length, the bust only of celestial beauty—still animated by maternal feeling, beaming anxiety like the guardian angel of her child—was visible; and shortly, preceded by a piercing shriek, the next flashes of terrific light announced that all was over.

By the ordinance of Providence, the raft which bore the hapless Adeline reached the port of Cadiz. Those men who had been



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man of property represented ; and admitting that he were, he was not certain of his propensities towards generosity :—besides, he knew not, if a female child might not be deemed an unwelcome legacy, now its mother was deceased, and, in consequence, the restorer not most gratefully rewarded.

“ On the other hand, the sum was secured for the delivery of a child in Madrid ; and the ring would then be his own. There existed no possible clue to the discovery of the impostor, did he warily dispose of the ring in some future time. The male attendants of Mrs. De la Warr had perished, in vain attempts to save themselves : the persons preserved with him were not one of them bound for Castile or Gibraltar. The child was much too young to give any distinct account of herself, and the lisping pronunciation of her name might easily be mistaken by the *Madrilenos*, as that of the child she personated, whilst the very initials marked on the clothes she had been saved in would aid the imposition.”

Finally, Gasper determined to convey his charge to Madrid, where, without difficulty, he established her as the alienated Lady Alvina Dudley, under the guardianship of Don Ferdinand de Verodia; and, soon after his return from England, some of his hitherto unfortunate speculations having unexpectedly proved successful, Gasper felt no necessity for hazarding the immediate sale of the ring, for the possession of which he had bartered his integrity; but the restless and resistless inspirations of a surcharged conscience impelling retribution, led him, in defiance of fears and judgment, to write a narrative of the imposition he had practised; which narrative he placed with the ring in a casket; and, under the influence of the same resistless impellency which actuated him to establish such a document, delivered it in his dying moments to his heart-wrung wife.

Gasper Peralta had a true presentiment of what would result from the unexpected appearance and unwelcome recollections of his fellow-voyager; for the keeper of the *neveria*,

dissatisfied, upon reflection, with the answer of Gasper, relative to his infant charge, addressed General De la Warr upon the subject; and, through the agency of an eminent Madrilenian banker, had it forwarded to the secretary at war's office in London; but though directed to Captain De la Warr, after a consequent delay, from the general's promotion and change of regiment since the period of the fatal shipwreck, it was safely forwarded to the long-mourning father, who lost not a moment in flying to Madrid; where, though his correspondent was readily found, Gasper Peralta was deceased, and no trace of his survivors remained; and all the heart-wrung father could learn of this dishonest agent was—"That, at the period alluded to, Peralta had returned from England to Madrid, bringing in his charge the infant niece of Don Ferdinand de Verodia, and to which infant the wife of Peralta had become principal attendant."

The never-slumbering recollection of how a youth, under convoy of this identical Don, had



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of Don Ferdinand, led the general, on beholding Cameron at Menroy Castle, to suspect this mysterious individual being the very man he sought.

The feelings of integrity being stronger in the mind of Lopez Peralta than those of family fame, he determined to make known to his mother's lovely nursling the important discovery of her real descent; and, by thus restoring his kind advocate to her own family, terminate her cruel persecutions; but Lopez knew not where to find her; and Father Felipe consoled him for this delay, by considering it more decorous to make the important discovery to the head of the family, that had long considered her as belonging to his race.

Lopez entertained no doubt of the honour of Don Ferdinand; nor of the wisdom of Father Felipe; but he possessed no better means for tracing out his inexorable master, than the *protégée* of his own perfidious father; and the sorrowing Lopez, thus impeded, made his voyage to England, without

having advanced one single step in the extrication of his mother's fair nursling from the cruel persecutions of bigotry.

But the moment Don Stefano Verodia made his appearance in Spain, Lopez revealed to him the facts the death of Marcella had disclosed; when Stefano, anxious to restore this cruelly estranged child to a bereaved parent's tender care, lost not an instant in making Mr. Bellwood and Fauconberg participators in the communications of Lopez; when, to his infinite joy, he found that Fauconberg was well acquainted with General De la Warr.

How to despatch communications of such interest to this bereaved parent, whilst the intelligence was to be accompanied by information that the abode of his child was unknown, proved distressing to the feeling heart of Albert; yet every member of the confidential senate being of opinion that not one moment ought to be lost in summoning General De la Warr, since he only had power to demand from Don Pedro Ariol the ad-

dress of Don^o Ferdinand, Fauconberg despatched his communications; which, however, the General was not in England to receive, he having, upon receipt of Albert's hurried adieu from Menroy Castle, when just embarking in pursuit of his friend, determined to lose not one unnecessary moment in performing his long-meditated project of another visit to Spain; and accordingly embarked for Malaga, whither this farewell of Fauconberg's intimated he was going in search of his hapless friend; but, impeded by contrary winds, the General did not arrive in Grenada until, fortunately for his long-tortured parental feeling, his child was emancipated, and securely lodged in the consular-house.

Upon the arrival of General De la Warr in Malaga, accompanied by Mr. Stanhope and a man of law—he fortunately applied to the British Consul, as the best means of obtaining intelligence of Fauconberg, who had scarcely an hour since embarked upon his perilous pursuit of Ramirez; but Mr. Bellwood



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the view of soothing the maternal agony evinced by his mother, when expecting death in their late captivity, "through the thought of leaving her poor Alvina in a pitiless world, without one friend to rescue her from barbarous persecution," to impart his belief, that the dear object of their tender interest was likely to find a natural protectors to rescue her from not only the scourge of persecution, but other horrors, which as a Verodia she could scarcely escape, from the demoniac enemies of her devoted race.

It being pronounced necessary by Macduff for Lady Westhaven and Mr. Almeida to remain a few days in the hospital of the capuchins, if possible, to renovate their health and strength by the salubrious air of the mountain; in the course of these few stationary days, Xavier's introduction to his uncle and interview with Fauconberg took place, and he was not subdued by either event. But, with grief of heart, Fauconberg saw that the bodily health, which had so evidently given way ere he had been cruelly

torn from Menroy Castle, was shaken alarmingly by all he had since endured; and as Macduff feared for him, Albert trembled. But Don Stefano would imbibe no apprehension. Xavier wore the combined aspect of Stefano's two adored sisters, and he took Xavier at once to his heart as the child of his own bosom; and he determined, since his own father had not given him an honorable name in society, to give him his; to bestow upon him one of his own lovely daughters, if their hearts were in unison; and to compensate for the miseries of his past life, by all that affection and affluence could yield.

But, alas! the arrow had pierced fatally, ere these fair prospects opened to Xavier. He had too long been taught to consider himself a nonentity, in creation:—a blot, which nature blushed to own; and his heart's sorrows had signed the fiat for his doom.—Shortly now, Macduff detected symptoms which led him to cherish no ray of hope; yet, as he saw the tender mother's life-thread pendent upon that of her son, and feeling

individually the deepest interest for that son; he postponed his intended return to England, and, at the request of Don Stefano, established himself and companions as part of that warm-hearted Castilian's family, in a commodious house, taken by Don Stefano in Valez Malaga, as a spot more salubrious for the health of Xavier than the close city of Malaga.

Don Benino having taken every measure to destroy apprehension from the vile associates who had proscribed the race of Verodia, the ardent wish of Adeline De la Warr's affectionate and grateful heart was complied with, by the permission of her kind father, to perform the part of daughter and sister to Lady Westhaven and Xavier, in the tender care which those relative situations were called upon to yield.

To Lady Westhaven the first interview with the being she long had tenderly loved, though in tortured secrecy, as the child of her own bosom, proved an afflicting one;—for she had now, alas! no daughter to con-



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fraternal opulence; and she knew, not how to sustain, with un murmuring resignation, this adversity in kindred affection. Nor to poor Xavier himself did this dissolution appear to bear less heavily through the preparation that had been presented in the letter of General De la Warr.

As Macduff pronounced, Xavier did not get better. Don Stefano would have flown off with his whole party, in search of a more genial clime, had not Macduff with sorrow assured him, climate had ceased to be of consequence to the invalid.

Upon the removal of our party from the hospital to Valez Malaga, the eager wish of Don Ferdinand to obtain the forgiveness of all whom his misguided zeal had led him to persecute, impelled him to set at nought the mortification of beholding those he had injured; and even reduced in strength as he was, by the misery of an upbraiding conscience, he had himself conveyed to a monastery in Valez Malaga, from whence he daily visited his friends; obtained solemn

assurance of their forgiving kindness; and saw blessed and acknowledged Xavier as his relative.

The solicitor, who accompanied General De la Warr to Spain, was bearer of intelligence to Xavier of the decease of Sir Edwin Riversdale; and who, having died without an heir, had nominated Xavier Almedina his residuary legatee. Sir Edwin Riversdale, who never from the fatal hour that terminated the engagement of Xavier and Ellen, had held intercourse of any kind with the unfortunate survivor; and who never, in the total seclusion to which he retired upon the death of his heart-rived child, was heard to breathe the name of Xavier Almedina, until after the arrival of a brace of dogs at Stanlake Abbey, bearing each the initials X. A. upon its collar.

In the short-lived days of Xavier's happiness at Stanlake Abbey, Sir Edwin had expressed a wish before him, for the possibility of obtaining dogs of that particular species; and from the hour this proof of his

living in the memory of Xavier arrived, the baronet anxiously expected a letter, even of ceremony, relative to the fondly cherished gift: but none arrived; and at length, finding the hour of dissolution rapidly advancing, he ordered his solicitors to adopt every possible means to obtain for him the address of Mr. Almedina, but in vain; and at last, upon the baronet's decease, and that the executors found the principal part of Sir Edwin's property bequeathed to this invisible man, they were preparing to advertise for him; when General De la Warr having business with the executors, who were his own solicitors, the inquiry was made of the General:—"If, in his extensive military acquaintance, he could yield them any clue to the missing legatee?" The General, feeling full conviction that he had discovered the very man in Cameron, one of the solicitors begged leave to accompany him to Spain, in the hope of there finding the heir of Sir Edwin Riversdale.

It was necessary to apprise Xavier of the



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tion, almost celestial. His manner, to his surrounding friends, ever sweet, conciliating, and affectionate, became more impressively so. His grateful sensibility of attentive kindness—his reciprocity in attachment—his sympathy in the fond regrets he was inspiring—seemed pressing forward in eager tenderness; aware the time was waning fast, in which they could speak the language of mortal affection; and much, and frequently, he talked to his mother of Ellen, Sir Edwin, his own father, and Mr. Cameron, as of those in whom the association of the future calmly mingled.

With Mr. Stanhope, Xavier had much serious conversation from time to time.—At length, from the hand of this excellent divine, he received the most sacred rite of the Christian faith; and, though in spirit cheered, his frame felt exhausted, and he reclined upon his couch to rest.

“Mother,” he said, “sit by me; and you, my sister; and you, my friend or friends! do not leave me, even though I sleep; for,

when I awake, it will yield me pleasure to look on those I love so well.—M'Alpin, come in my view—my eyes seem growing covetous in mustering my friends.”

Xavier now sank into a tranquil slumber; and the moment his now refulgent eyes closed, the eyes of those surrounding him exhaled showers of sorrow's surcharged feeling, their bursting hearts found it so arduous to suppress before him. From this gentle slumber Xavier awoke.

“I have been dreaming;” he softly said—
“and such dreams, that almost with reluctance I unclosed my eyes, even to look upon those I love.”

He now gently threw his arm around his mother's neck; laid his head upon that tender bosom, where in infancy he had found a sovereign balm for every ill—then fell into a tranquil slumber—and awoke no more!

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH Albert had long anticipated this event, and that for the last few days, through the presages of Macduff, he had been in almost hourly expectation of it; yet, that saddening preparation, seemed not to have meliorated the severity of the shock; for it fell in awful and acute sorrow, that for some moments subdued this, "friend of friends!" but soon a painful recollection of duty to his fellow-sufferers, recalled his firmness to become as a sympathizing son to the bereaved mother—a sympathizing brother to the sister of Xavier's affection: yet, to comfort them was not in his ability; nor did he wish for such power; his wish was, for Xavier to be lamented with all the poignancy of tenderness and love, admitting no consolation but through the influence of piety.



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his mother, his sister, and himself, especially to Dermod, O'Chanter. To Macduff, five hundred pounds; to Sir Frederick Bolingbroke and Nettlethorp, one thousand pounds each, as a token of grateful friendship; to Marchmont, in remembrance of the peril he had braved in leading rescue to the hut of Albert, and in kind consideration of the cheerless prospect of his expectations, he bequeathed three thousand pounds; to Sir Cornelius and Lady Lancefield, superb mourning rings; to Carlo, an annuity for life, a particular spot in Stanlake pleasure-grounds for his cemetery, with a certain sum to erect a handsome obelisk over his remains, descriptive of his worth, when he should no longer exist, to teach mankind a lesson of fidelity. To General De la Warr, some fine paintings by ancient masters; to Fauconberg, the house, personals, and domain of Stanlake; and the remainder of the estates and funded property devolving to him, the testator, as residuary legatee to the late Sir Edwin Riversdale, to be equally divided

between Fauconberg, and Adeline De la Warr.

The affecting tenderness of attachment, in the language by which these principal bequests were made, subdued the legatees to grief unutterable: and vain, for many an hour after the perusal of the mournful testament, were the efforts of Fauconberg to remand that firmness to his bosom, which could bow in resignation to the dispensations of Heaven.

It was the wish of Fauconberg to have the remains of his lamented friend conveyed to England, to be interred by his betrothed Ellen; but Don Stefano objected to the removal.—“It would,” he said, “could the shade of his inestimable Xavier influence their measures, be more gratifying to his feelings, to have his body received in the mausoleum of his ancestors, as an acknowledged Verodia,—to rest there by the remains of his assassinated father, and by his beloved mother, whom it would soon be the sad

fate of her sorrowing brothers to convey to the side of her husband in the tomb."

General and Adeline De la Warr were most anxious that Lady Westhaven should abjure the vows into which she had been ensnared, and to accompany them to England, there to rest on the duteous bosom of Adeline as that of her lost Alvina; but to this wish, also, Don Stefano presented a counter petition. He, too, desired his sister should recede from her monastic vows, yet not to return to a country which had proved so ungenial to her peace; but Lady Westhaven felt that any change of situation would be useless, for she was convinced her life of misery was drawing to its close; and that as the abbess of Santa Barbara, she should be at no great distance from the now coveted cemetery which so shortly would contain the beings whom in life she had most fondly loved; her only alloy in this decision arising from the afflicting idea of final separation from the loved being whom, for so



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vindictive purposes, had wholly unfitted Don Ferdinand for this sublunary world; and though convinced by the sound arguments of Father Felipe, that genuine piety was very different, both in theory and practice, from that marked out by Sancho Torquemada, yet, still cherishing a wish for the monastic life, he determined to rebuild the dilapidated friary of Santa Barbara, elect Father Felipe abbot, and he himself to become a monk of the order; when, by efficacious penitence for the miseries he had so erroneously inflicted, he might become a consolation, not a scourge, to his beloved sister; in their mutual preparation for a better world. But this fondly-cherished plan, too soon was overthrown by the still active vengeance of Ramirez, who exhaled his vindictive enmity from his prison, and whetted his dagger in, and sent it forth even from the dungeons of the inquisition.

By Fauconberg having traced Ramirez to the hospital of the capuchins, the miscreant abbot felt but little doubt, that some clew

had fallen into his hands to the destination of the proscribed Cameron; and whilst writhing in the pang of apprehension, that thus his prey might escape his vengeance, he, in his descent to the dungeons of the inquisition at Grenada, caught a transient view of the struggling Raphael bearing to another cell. This was conviction; and the atrocious demon, instead of commencing the task of repentance, employed the solemn moments of his now numbered days, in agonizing his inventive faculties to perpetuate the tortures of her who had first placed the *san benito* on his shoulders; and at length, with all the plausibility his art inspired, requested the keeper of his cell to inform the vicar-general — “That something lay heavily upon his conscience, of which it was necessary to inform the Abbess of Santa Barbara.” The answer to this notice was, “That the Abbess of Santa Barbara having left the province, he could obtain no interview.”

The penitential agony which he affected was so well performed, that intimation was con-

veyed to him—"That he might commit the matter to paper;" but this he declined, "it being," he said, "the secret of another—one on which the salvation of a soul depended, and he dared not hazard its knowledge to any but the Abbess of Santa Barbara." Assurance was then communicated of being permitted to deliver his packet into the vicar-general's own hand; upon whose honour he might rely for having it conscientiously borne to the abbess uninspected.

Materials were accordingly allowed him for the composition of his packet, comprising the fatal draught of mental poison his heart distilled for a tender mother; and, when completed, the vicar-general received the mysterious deposit, and despatched it under his own seal, with every precaution pronounced by honour necessary.

And this despatch, so carefully conveyed, was a further daring confession to the Abbess of Santa Barbara, of his own enormities towards her—acknowledging the demoniac exultation which had filled his bosom, when the



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gitimate son—the noble heir of the illustrious house of Westhaven!!!—The soil was genial to my purpose. Ay, moral and religious—all bowed beneath the withering blast of precept and example—an atheist! a felon! a parricide! arose from my hand, who now is within a prison walls, awaiting the mandate for condign punishment—to perish by the consuming fires heaped upon his head by his own progenitors.”

But, in this last boast of his vindictive cruelty, Ramirez was unconsciously incorrect. Ere he had been compelled to flight from his ambushade in the Dominican gardens, he had heard a murmur “of an English peer having been, on that instant, taken from the mock tribune by the civil power;” and Ramirez, when aware that Geronymo had escaped his fangs, wanted no further clew to the occasion of the British peer’s arrest by alguazils; but he knew not that, after Fauconberg and Don Stefano had vainly endeavoured to bribe the marquis with his freedom for the secret of his brother’s prison, for in

fact he knew not its site, they had, through tenderness to the feelings of his mother and Xavier, again visited the Marquis of Silverthorn in his solitary prison, and informed him—“That the plan in contemplation by his female friend for his escape had reached their knowledge; and that they would take effectual means to prevent its being betrayed to others, provided he gave his solemn word, he would pass the remainder of his days in proving his contrition.”

With every solemn protestation—with even flowing tears of spurious penitence—his lordship made the demanded serious promises to his uncle, and his escape was not prevented. With Lady Caroline Townly he fled to the Ionian Islands, where a villa was long in readiness for their reception.

In the letters which had fallen into the hands of Mr. Townly, it having transpired, that Corfu was the appointed place of refuge for the atrocious fugitives, that injured husband had winged his way thither in the for-

lorn hope of reclaiming the mother of his babe. To this fallen woman, whom he had so recently adored, Mr. Townly wrote, in the name of her forsaken infant, a most affecting letter, and had it delivered into her own hands immediately after her arrival in Corfu. But, alas! vice had gained such ascendancy, that this pathetic address only inspired the dire project of pitiless assassination.—Bravos were easily procured; a specious reply returned, inviting Mr. Townly to an interview with an Albanian captain, with whom Lady Caroline was arranging to protect her to the arms of her own family in England. The miscreant Marquis, anxious to behold the dying agonies of his destined victim, attended the bravos to the spot marked for the assassination; when, through a mistake of persons under the veil of night, the deceived bravos immolated their sanguinary employer.

This retributive catastrophe was unknown to Ramirez, when he despatched that dele-



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CHAPTER XIII.

THE grateful and affectionate Xavier had, in their tedious hours of misery in captivity, recounted for his mother his adventures in the hut of Albert. He had again given a narrative of all the périlous incidents of the valley, as far as his own knowledge of them extended, to her whom his heart clung to as his sister. By Lady Westhaven and Miss De la Warr this faithful narrative was communicated to Don Stefano and General De la Warr, and with the blanks filled up by Lopez of those points in the adventures of the valley, with which Xavier was unacquainted; and so much of interest had been awakened by these details, that the General and Don Stefano requested Fauconberg to become their Cicerone through the field of these transactions.

Fauconberg could not pronounce a negative, though shrinking through various causes from the distressing measure. To lead them through a scene where he had been almost the only actor, he felt might prove an exhibition of self-importance, from which his contempt of egotism revolted; whilst the memorable scenes in which the lovely Adeline had participated, he feared would lead him into betraying consciousness, whilst those in which his lamented friend and his unkind brother had borne a part, he knew would strike painfully upon his susceptibility.

Macduff, who formed one of our numerous party in the once more inhabited town contiguous to Santa Barbara's, petitioned for himself and spouse to be admitted upon this interesting excursion; which, from the ungenial state of the weather, had been postponed until the day preceding that on which the executors of the lamented Xavier had arranged for their necessary departure for England. Mrs. Macduff having volunteered

to join the party, induced the General to request his daughter might become one of the tourists, as he added, in the touching voice of sorrow—"It will be long ere I shall be again blessed by the presence of my long-lost child."

A negative to this request was utterly impossible; yet, Adeline trembled at compliance. The very circumstance of its being the last day in which she should behold her father for a fearful lapse of time, she was well aware would render her feelings less amenable to control, when the scenes of the valley should call them forth;—when the spot of her lamented brother's perils and sufferings should be pointed out;—when she should traverse paths where she had performed a principal part;—where again her gratitude would be called upon to evince its sensibility, she felt conviction her susceptibilities would not appear exactly in concordance with her wishes.

In the moment when Fauconberg had braved death in the most intrepid bearing of



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of insensibility ; and in consequence of feeling more gratitude than after former ingenuousness could with safety be expressed, she shrunk from even the common courtesies of society, which to others she could have most gracefully performed.

When Xavier had dwelt with enthusiasm upon the debt of gratitude they mutually owed to Fauconberg, he spoke of the circumstances which awakened gratitude, but never called upon a look or word of hers to testify her sensibility. Xavier had seemed to consider owing and feeling as synonymous certainties ; and with silent pleasure she had listened, or referred without embarrassment, to some reminiscence of something yet that gratitude had for record. But her father, when he expatiated upon the deeds of Fauconberg, seemed dissatisfied with her heartless silence ;—seemed ever on the anxious watch to elicit services from Fauconberg to her, as if to arouse her gratitude ; and upon such manœuvres she feared she had developed embarrassment in Fauconberg, as if

his suspicions were alarmed at something in the intentions of the General yet unrevealed; and still with more uneasiness she cherished apprehension, that Fauconberg might fancy she had, through her years of seclusion, treasured the image of the hero of the valley as the idol for whom she had braved the persecutions of bigotry unvanquished.

Adeline's apprehension of her father being dissatisfied with her was perfectly correct. It was not merely relative to Fauconberg, but in many particulars, General De la Warr had found his child all that he could wish in personal loveliness, in appearance the express image of her mother, but in manner the semblance failed. Her intrepidity in contest with persecution, had evinced firmness in principle above her years; but still he feared that much of her firmness arose from the absence of sensibility; for he could not else imagine how she could owe such a debt of gratitude to Fauconberg, both individually, and for her dearest friends, and remain, as she appeared, so perfectly insen-

ble ; and, independent of this, supposed defect, in mental feeling, her manners, were deficient in those fascinations of her mother's, in which he had fondly flattered himself he should find her an inheritor.

Adeline's mother, the favorite of nature and of fortune ;—the idol of her parents ;—the adored of her husband ;—the admiration of the world !—who had never experienced care or grief, until her husband's professional duties, had caused their separation ;—had never felt a check to the animation of her buoyant spirits ;—and reared in the *beau mode*, and polished as she expanded into life by her constant contact with the refining power she mixed with, were all that the mind could covet of the embellishments of high life. Adeline, on the contrary, was the sport of calamity : reared chiefly in monastic gloom ; and for many a month of her existence doomed to the cruelty and solitude of prison-cells. Misfortune upon misfortune relative to her supposed kindred ;—persecution upon persecution inflicted upon herself,



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broken down the barrier which imposture had raised to forbid more than sisterly affection;—that Adeline had loved Xavier with the tenderness which the discovery of Lopez Peralta sanctioned; and that she was now sunk into apathy towards every other feeling, by the magic power of that which death had thwarted.

At length the hour arrived for the perambulation of the scene of many incidents distressing to the feelings of Adeline, who was not perfectly satisfied with arrangements that left her beloved Lady Westhaven alone to brood uninterruptedly for so many hours over her recent sorrow, and was to lead her where she had twice appeared through necessity in male attire.

Through this excursion General De la Warr met with new disappointment! Fauconberg, the hero of his admiration,—the object of his unqualified esteem;—the chosen son of his judgment,—he seemed like Adeline determined to thwart the wishes of his heart. From his short conversations with Faucon-

berg at Rosindale Park, and Menroy Castle, relative to Spain, and the ambiguities, which enveloped Cameron, he believed, he had discovered interest of no common form, in the mind of this ingenuous son of his affection, for the interesting being who had evinced such powerful anxiety for his rescue;—that lovely being whom, even whilst he beheld in the attire of a boy, the half-sentences of Don Ferdinand had led him to pronounce a female. When, therefore, he beheld them under the same roof, he conceived his own wishes, relative to them, in a fair way of accomplishment, from a mutual predisposition to partiality, only requiring the torch of hope to kindle into the flame of permanent attachment.—Instantly, then, he obeyed the impulse of his wishes, by acting as that torch of hope; but nothing of the susceptibility he expected could he descry; and from the moment in which, by the bequest of Xavier, Fauconberg's finances entitled him to the hand of Miss De la Warr, encouragement ceased to be a necessary auxiliary in the

tactics of the General, and delicacy to his daughter led him to leave all to the management of those whom he panted to unite.

The party at length completed their excursion, which terminated, to all whom it had most agitated in anticipation, exactly as they had foreseen. Fauconberg, as Cicerone, was not the hero who had acted in the valley, for he was spiritless; and only for the communications of Lopez, relative to the scenes of the greatest interest in the former occurrences of the valley; and Dermod, relative to the domestic kindness of "Master Albert," the tourists would have derived but little information upon the coalescing scenery and actions they had encountered so much fatigue to obtain.

Although the General's admiration of his beloved hero was considerably augmented by all he here saw and heard, so were his painful disappointments; for not one symptom of attachment to his daughter could he discover in Fauconberg, except that, for a few moments, he had flattered himself it might



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consternation, despatching the *corréo* of the Vicar-general, down to the valley, to Don Stefano, Father Felipe, and Macduff;—for Sister Lucetta, alarmed by the lengthened absence of the abbess, had ventured to her sanctuary, and there, to her utter terror, found her extended on the floor in a state of total insensibility, with the fatal despatch grasped in her hand.

It is easier to conceive than describe the effect which this intelligence conveyed to the group assembling in the quadrangle for other expectations. All flew, on the eagle's wings of humanity or affection, to her aid; but Adeline out-soared them all; and Adeline, of slight and fragile mould, had removed Lady Westhaven from the close sanctuary, in her own encircling arms, ere the rapid Macduff appeared. But vain was every effort of affection, or of skill. The poniard of Ramirez had penetrated to the vitals of the mother's feelings. And, although she breathed for a few hours after—although she awakened to the perception of those around

her—yet, she never articulated more; and her gentle spirit took its flight as she rested upon the panting bosom of her whom she long had cherished as her child.

Don Ferdinand, through the bitter upbraidings that mingled with his grief, was wholly incapable of exertion; his afflicted brother, therefore, took upon himself the power of acting, and despatched the demoniac address of the fiend Ramirez to Don Benino at Madrid, with an affecting account of its fatal effect—in the full certainty of this measure proving a stimulus to the condign punishment of this fell monster.

The brothers of Lady Westhaven were too munificent to fail in the performance of all that gratitude or generosity could demand, towards those who had rendered service, or evinced kindness to the dear deceased; but López Peralta, and many others, were not left solely to the house of Verodia for recompense.

To López, General De la Warr, as a parent, was indebted most incalculably, and his

grateful remuneration evinced, how deeply he appreciated his obligations. For the individual services Fauconberg was debtor to Lopez, he had long since recompensed him according to his means; now, Albert's fortunes were flourishing, and Lopez was not forgotten; and at length the gratitude of Adeline came flowing in to enrich this intrepid and benevolent Spaniard; as, through the medium of Father Felipe, she discovered to whom she was obliged for food, when deprived of all other source in the *cortijo* of Marcella, and for her own means of providential escape, through the disguise with which he so fortunately supplied her; and the lively anxiety of Adeline, to evince her gratitude to Lopez, was so unaffectedly animated, that her father saw she could feel most powerfully the sense of benefit; and had to deplore still more acutely, that only to the son of his affection was her heartless apathy manifested.

As Lopez declared, that since the death of the late Abbess of Santa Barbara was likely



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for dismissal from the inquisitorial service; and had obtained from Don Stefano a lucrative situation, as head of one of Stefano's important factories there, and was, with his whole family, going to Porto Bello to enjoy the blessings of mental freedom, and the smiles of human happiness.

The death of Lady Westhaven postponed the departure of the executors of Xavier from Spain, as General De la Warr did not, of course, choose to embark for England without his child. There existed no longer cause for the detention of Adeline in Spain, and it was determined she should quit it immediately after the last sad rites had been performed for her beloved maternal friend, as soon as respect and kindness to the afflicted brothers would yield permission.

The day at length arrived in which Adeline De la Warr bade an affecting farewell to all that remained of the family, that had for many a year acknowledged her as a member, and an ornament; and of the cloister, where she had experienced tenderness and affection,

her heart could never cease to treasure in its memory; and, through the munificence of her father, she left memorials with the sisters of Santa Barbara, which spoke the feeling she cherished towards them.

As Adeline had quitted Grenada, without the power of paying her farewell compliments, and grateful acknowledgments to Mr. and Mrs. Bellwood for their kindness whilst she had remained under their hospitable roof; and as Fauconberg had been in the same predicament, relative to his parting ceremonies at Malaga, the attentive General arranged for making that their port for embarkation.

With much internal vexation, General De la Warr perceived, when the travelling parties met in the *ventas* or *posadas* in their route to Malaga, — a manoeuvring in his daughter to steer clear of Fauconberg and his attentions, whenever, without rudeness, she could accomplish this avoidance; and with alarm observed, that, as they approached nearer to Malaga, a degree of

touching sadness; greater than even the recent death of her lamented friends had occasioned, became more and more strikingly evident in Adeline; and now, with the most acute pangs of parental anxiety, he panted to arrive at Rosindale Cottage, where, under the auspices of his sister, and disencumbered from every impeding companion, he might obtain the confidence of his drooping child.

In due time our caravan of travellers arrived safely in Malaga, where every thing that the gratitude and urbanity of the General, Adeline, and Fauconberg, could wish was rapidly accomplished, relative to the Bellwoods; and every thing in the form of expedition set in motion for their voyage—General De la Warr's anxiety to take his daughter out of Spain—Fauconberg to be relieved from the misery of the fascinating presence of the repelling Adeline—and Macduff to establish himself where his flattering prospects called him; and their wishes found, in the activity of Captain M'Alpin,



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thence to travel through France to the British channel.

From almost the moment of embarkation the General beheld with joy the mysterious melancholy of his child, evince decrease; and ere they even reached the gulf of Lyons, nothing of that touching tone of despondence which had so alarmed him was perceptible; for nothing remained, but that gentle seriousness of grief which the recent loss of her beloved friends occasioned.

In this auspicious voyage, where the flowing bed they had glided over was as calm and transparent as the banks they glided by were picturesque; as no dying, or afflicted friend had demands upon the time of Adeline—no new grief to engage her thoughts, her father received all those winning attentions from her of which before he had been bereaved; and with rapture he perceived she was elegant in manner, and graceful in movement—that vivacity, chastened by reason, was suspended, not extinct in

Adeline—that her mind had been highly cultivated; and that, in disposition, she was kind, gentle, and affectionate. And, amongst all the gratifications yielded to the heart of General De la Warr, by the expanding of his daughter's powers of pleasing through this voyage, it was, in perceiving she no longer sedulously shunned her brave deliverer. Yet General De la Warr feared the period past for the realizing his wishes; for Fauconberg seemed to imbibe no encouragement from this change of conduct; and that, had the tender passion ever dawned in the bosom of Albert for Adeline, her repellency of manner had subdued it.

At length our travellers arrived safely in the elegant mansion of General De la Warr, in the metropolis of England; when, with affecting and affectionate ceremony, Adeline was placed at the head of the establishment of her father; and, in a very few hours after their arrival in London, in addition to her party from Spain, Adeline had to perform

her fascinating attention to her aunt, Mrs. Manners; who, apprised of her brother's expected return, lost no time in setting out to bid her lovely niece welcome to the paternal roof.

As the Macduffs only sojourned a very few days in London ere they set out, with many elegant presents; to commence their domestic establishment; and the anxious General, conceiving a talked-of separation might lead to a change of system between Adeline and Albert; arranged for his daughter's accompanying Mrs. Manners to Rosindale to aid in the nursing the little Sophia, whose indisposition had detained her mother and cousin in the country; and promising for himself and Fauconberg to join the party, the moment their business relative to their melancholy trust should permit their leaving town.

But to this promise for him, Fauconberg, with an agitated voice and countenance, pronounced a negative—"It being," he said, "incumbent on him to evince his duty to



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articulate even so far ; and provoked, and ashamed at the absence of her self-possession, to complete her mortification, was compelled to flight, for the concealment of a burst of involuntary tears.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE day for Adeline's departure arrived, and her farewell to Fauconberg betrayed no suspicious feature, though it evinced no trace of insensibility; and, for the first time since her last incalculable obligations to Fauconberg, she was not dissatisfied with her conduct towards him.

Sophia Brudenel was in a state of perfect convalescence when our fair travellers reached Rosindale; there was nothing, therefore, to cloud the reception of Adeline, who was charmed to find in her cousins companions congenial to her heart, and soon made her way to an affectionate interest in their regards.

As soon as the business was terminated which had detained General De la Warr in London, he hastened down to Rosindale;

not in gladness; for he had parted from the son of his heart's election; he had seen Albert set out for Ireland, under an affecting depression of spirits; and he felt more than half assured, that Adeline's repellency to him in Spain was the secret cause; and, under this impression, it required all the affecting joy she evinced on his arrival, to reanimate his tenderness towards her.

Yet Adeline did not monopolize the General's interest; he saw, by the dejection of Olivia's manner, and the attenuation of her frame, that she had suffered much mental uneasiness since last he had seen her; and, concluding it was upon the subject of her ill-placed confidence in the integrity of her faithless guardian, he kindly hastened to yield her much more consolation than her most sanguine hopes had allowed her to anticipate.

When, upon the communications elicited by the allegations of Miss Daggerly, General De la Warr had flown to London to investigate the alarming matter, he found the unsuspecting friendship of Olivia perfidiously



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and she feared her poor moiety would, in the opinion of her uncle and aunt, prove an interdict to the worldly prudence of such an alliance.

The morning after the arrival of the General, he went up to see his esteemed brother-soldiers at the castle, and to announce that the bequest to them, of him they had known as Cameron, was, by the arrangement of the residuary legatee, ready for remittance to their respective bankers. Sir Frederick had also arrived the preceding evening, and was, therefore, at Menroy to unite with his sincerely afflicted inmates, in their genuine sorrow for him whom they had highly regarded; and whose kind bequest to them deeply penetrated their grateful sensibility.

Sir Frederick would have instantly employed an able lawyer to proceed against the miscreant Russet, for the part he had taken in the villanous outrage against poor Xavier; had not information arrived at the castle, of Russet, his wife, and family, having embarked, in the dead of the preceding night, for Amé-

rica; with all of portable property, they could convey with them, both of their own and of Sir Frederick's.

From Meeroy Castle General De la Warr hastened to Rosindale Park, to present the mourning rings of Mr. Almedina to Sir Cornelius and Lady Lancefield, who were overwhelmed with gratitude, for this flattering remembrance, from him, whom they most sincerely lamented; Deb declaring—

“That her fingers, from being ruined by hard work, were not worthy of such an embellishment; * and, *sur ma vie*, she would have a prong fixed to her ring, and place it conspicuously in her turban, that folks might see how she had been honoured.”

This kind-hearted pair had postponed their departure for the Continent, until they should learn the result of Fauconberg's perilous pursuit of his friend; that they might then shape their course to be most serviceable to the dear *gentilshommes*; and now that death had

* Embellishment.

presented its interdict to their being useful; they determined to set out to establish themselves in readiness, at Rome, to receive their boys upon their approaching academic and school vacations; and they now lost no time in offering Rosindale Park to their honors of Menroy during their absence, “as a residence of much more comfort than the castle; as at the park they would not run any hazard of being kidnapped unbeknown to each other.”

This kind offer was at first declined by our grateful subalterns; but when Lady Lancefield found Sir Frederick was about to introduce workmen into the castle, she would not take a negative.

“For as,” she said, “upon account of our mediate—mediate—meditated—now I have it—Mr. Marchmont—meditated excursion, we have not new furnished our barracks; you can feel no scruple upon that account. And, when once settled there, we hopes you will find yourselves so much at home—and, if your old and grateful sutlers could act upon



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future tense in the lessons of his prudence, he was fascinated into the present; and consulted General De la Warr upon whether, “under the existing state of his embarrassments, he might dare to ask the hand of the enchantress Olivia?” General De la Warr, not being in love, could calculate with an unbiassed judgment; and, after due consideration, pronounced in favour of the measure; advising, however, a pause of a year or two, until the stability of the volatile enchantress, in domestic habits, might be perfectly established; but although the lover would not accede to the General’s proposition, through suspicion of Olivia’s perfection in all things; yet, upon reflection, he felt most reluctantly compelled to delay his nuptials until the term of the commonwealth he had established with his disbanded brethren should have expired; or Nettlehorp or Marchmont called into brighter prospects. However, in joyful expectation of promised happiness, Sir Frederick determined, whilst making alterations in Menroy Castle,

to convert it into a comfortable marine residence for his lovely betrothed, knowing its vicinity to Rosindale Cottage would gift it with charms for her.

Dejected as hopeless love could make him, poor Fauconberg set out on his excursion to Ireland, attended by his faithfully attached adherents, Dermod and Carlo; and as they were travelling from Dublin to Glennorah, Albert, full of grateful kindness to Dermod for his attachment, aroused himself from his melancholy meditations to desire this humble friend—“To consult his parents, and his own heart, and to inform him in a week after they reached Glennorah, what plan he had determined upon, as most likely to contribute to his happiness through life, that he might have the gratification of promoting its establishment.”

“Its my heart that can answer, without eight seconds, let alone eight day’s consultation with itself, or one morsel of cabal with my parents, Heaven’s biggest blessing rest upon them!”—responded Dermod—

“ My long-settled plan for a life of happiness is to die in Master Albert’s service ; and to have my parents at hand to die with me.”

“ But my dear Dermod,” said Albert, “ will servitude even with a master who regards you as a friend, conduce to your happiness, if when you become a married man ? Of course, you mean to wed your long-loved Kathleen,” and—

“ No, your honor, no.—Sorrow marry, will I marry her :—bekease herself has got another husband to forbid the bans. Your honor may well start and stare at woman’s fickle ways. You, master dear, who knew Kathleen loved me as her life—but on my safe conscience, it was a life not worth a quarter’s purchase ; for no sooner was my back turned—the jilt of the world !—when she marries Squatman O’Waddleshanks, the heir to a parent—for all the world knew his parent, wealthy Niggardty, who would skin kith and kin for their hide and tallow, had no chick nor child, barring Squintifego, my elegant rival. It’s true for me, your honor ;



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And master dear, 'tis not vanity, but truth that aggrevates me into complimenting my own four bones, in this coxcomical fashion. Had myself been a scarecrow, I'd be mighty glad to know if the elegant British army would have been mad for my becoming a front-rank grenadier amongst them? On the other hand, you may remember, bekease you made a picture and song upon it, onct when Rooney Mac Nibble got a treat of the nightmare, through the novel excess of having enough to eat; he swore to the priest 'twas Squatman was the witch that hampered him—for every time he wakened screeching with the capers of the mare, he seen a creathur, for all the world like Squatty O'Waddleshanks, crouched on his hunkers, perched upon his breast!—Ay, faith, and another exploit of my elegant rival was, to make Miss Emly, the little darling, screech her life out once, thinking it was a hobgoblin she seen forenent the church-yard in the husband of Mrs. O'Waddleshanks; and I'll engage the little darling

remembers when the life left her, she has such an elegant memory.”

“Well, every one to their fancy, as the old woman said when she protested that wrinkles improved her beauty;—but, after the first shock, pride and scorn made me heart-whole—and a much stronger hold than ever: for it held out against that Spanish manœuverer, Mistress Mora,—Miss De la Warr’s precious senora.”

“Heyday,” exclaimed Fauconberg, who, after experiencing much commiseration for poor Dermod, was now almost excited by him to a smile—“So then, it was through your cruelty poor Miss De la Warr was so unopportunately deprived of her *femme de chambre!*”

“And who could help that same, your honor? I would not hoist the bush for the Spanish wine.”

“Pray explain,” said the amazed Fauconberg.

“Why, Mistress Mora wanted me to become a bull-dog, to bait your honor, for her

employer. . . . But sorrow dog, let alone bull, would I make to humbug you into a Spanish wife."

"I do not comprehend all this, Dermod!"

"But Lopez and myself did, your honor. The way of it was, Señora Florantha, the bussom friend of Donna Almeira, the bussom friend of Mrs. Bellwood, fell in love with your honor: and no blame in life to her for that same:—for where is the lady with eyes and ears that might not be finding it a hard matter to be escaping that exploit. So—a—somehow, Miss Florantha—but I am not in the secret of how she came to opunce upon that notion—thought—a—Miss De la Warr was mighty likely to become a stumbling-block in her way;—so through Donna Almeira she gets her own tool Mora pawned upon Miss De la Warr for an abigail, whose cue it was to humbug Miss De la Warr into believing your honor in love with, and engaged to, Señora Florantha, who was nothing but a dab of an alguazil's daughter—and to bewitch me:



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CHAPTER XV.

At length Fauconberg was clasped with maternal rapture to the tender bosom of his mother; and when he could withdraw from her long-coveted embrace, to take his sisters into the arms of affection, he, to his utter amazement, perceived another candidate for fraternal greeting, in the house of his mother;—even Major Rosstrevor, himself!

“I am ashamed to see you, Albert!” exclaimed Rosstrevor, “Can you forgive my silence?”

“I am so happy at seeing you, and at seeing you here, Gustavus, that I can do any thing you wish, to evince my happiness is unalloyed in meeting my beloved brother,” responded Fauconberg, embracing him affectionately.

In the course of this evening, when Al-

bert could take his eyes for any fixed observation, from gazing on his mother, or to turn in admiring glances of delight upon his wild Louisa and gentle Emily, surpassing all his sanguine expectations in their expansion, he, in alarm, exclaimed !

“ Are you ill, Gustavus ? ”

“ Not in prime health,” returned Gustavus, in a crest-fallen tone,—“ You find me a poor half-pay d—l like yourself, returned on my mother’s hands, to nurse and feed.”

Fauconberg had not sent home the intelligence of the unexpected change in his fortune ; and had prohibited Dermod from doing so. The source was too afflicting to his heart, to bear a formal proclamation of it, as if in triumph ; and besides, having, after the demise of his father, experienced some slights, heart-wounding upon his mother’s account, in the neighbourhood of Glennorah, he wished to ascertain, whether the hearts of men had improved in genuine friendship during his long absence, ere he should announce, ex-

cept to his mother, that he wanted nothing but the courtesies of society.

“What mean you, Gustavus? I saw in the Gazette your promotion, and your subsequent reduction. But your being now with our dear mother is, of course, through choice, not necessity.”

“There is absolute necessity in the scale—my presumptive heirship was all a moon-beam! Mr. Rosstrevor and I have parted, to meet no more.”

“What! is the deceiver married?” exclaimed Albert.

“No, not yet.—No, he reserved to himself, unacknowledged to his brother, full power of disposing of the Rosstrevor property; and there was something so deucedly mean in that deception, I could not pardon it. Then every tendency to gentlemanly style was exploded during my absence. Mr. Rosstrevor, deposited in his chamber, knew nothing of the vile nuisances established in the piggery below—carousals, flowing in caul-



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that had never yet been borne by any one I had cause to blush for,' and thus I made my bow, and departed from the Castle."

"I grant all was bad enough to fly from," said Albert.—"But, my dear Gustavus, interest should have led you to temporize a little, if gratitude for former kindness could not lead you to submit awhile. After your hard campaigns, you can no longer fancy the world was made for you; and, unless Mr. Rosstrevor had intimated his wish for your absence, I would not have left the field for the ultimate triumph of the designing enemy."

"That triumph has been a source of much annoyance to me; I honestly confess," returned Gustavus.—"No doubt the league went to bed roaring in drunken joy the night of my departure. Indeed, the idea of that would have led me back to disconcert their triumph; could I have done so without meanness. At one time I thought of writing to the dupe of these designers, to intimate I

would accept a proper apology from him ; but I knew his base satellites would not permit the letter to reach his hands.”

“ If you think you can effect reconciliation by correspondence,” said Albert, “ I will undertake to deliver your letter, and that he shall read it in my presence ; when, being there as a judicious postscript—

“ Not quite so judicious, neither,” returned Gustavus, with an effort at a smile ; “ for he might pronounce you a lady’s postscript, containing all the matter—to his mind, at least. However, Albert, your honour is my shield ; and I will entrust you, if I can vanquish my deuced reluctance to addressing Mr. Rosstrevor.”

At length the hour for nocturnal separation arrived ; when Albert requested a private conference with his mother ere she retired to her pillow ; so apprehensive was he of that pillow becoming one of wakeful inquietude, relative to the gloomy prospects of both her sons, returned without a competence ; and

the moment he was enclosed in the library of his lamented father, with his beloved parent, she threw her arms around him; and, after a burst of tears, the offspring of maternal rapture, she gently said—

“I have been compelled to restrain my feelings towards my heart-welcomed treasure before Gustavus, who is sensitive to a degree his long-apparent apathy had not prepared me for, relative to my superior attachment to my other children. And now, when his expectations of affluence have been so cruelly blighted, I should grieve to wound his awakened sensibility. But, now that I may look at you, and talk to you, with unrestrained maternal feeling, tell me how you are in health? Oh! how my blooming stripling has expanded into matured beauty!—your hair, my Albert, curls as gracefully as in your very childhood!—And there is the mole, *in statu quo*, I always thought such an embellishment to your cheek:—and the playful dimple too, that told from your



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nies for him, when, arousing his firmness, he hastily exclaimed—

“My beloved mother, it is for a male friend I mourn. Fear nothing for me from any foreign attachment; for should it prove that my heart has received a serious wound, it was a true-born Briton who inflicted it—Come, cheer up—I trust it is not incurable.”

“My child! My child!—Oh!! why did you leave me, Albert, to encounter peril, either bodily or mental?—You thought not, when you left me, of the wounds which bleed at home, whilst warfare rages.—You anticipated not all I was doomed to endure about you.—My agonies after each engagement:—My wretchedness until the post arrived:—My despair if no letter came from you:—My total want of fortitude to open it, if one did come, until the aid I supplicated emboldened me.—But that age of misery is past, and I now hail, with joy and thankfulness, the hour of your return.

“Yet, all the maternal feelings you have awakened in absence, have not been agoniz-

ving, Albert. No ; my heart has glowed with a mother's proud triumph, and pious gratitude, on the heroic—the benévoleñt deeds of my child. The perils of your Hut I have heard from your brother, and read in the letters of Dermod to his parents.”

“Faithless Dermod,” Albert exclaimed, sensibly affected by his mother's tenderness. “I forbade his mentioning in his correspondence home the perils of our Hut, fearing the enthusiasm of his nature might render him a too embellishing delineator for my dear sensitive mother.”

“He was a faithful one. I, who had, from his birth to the sad hour he left me, hung over every expanding blossom of my darling's mind, I traced in each word and deed portrayed by Dermod the form and coloring of unembellished truth—for in all I beheld the lovely portrait of my Albert. But now you are restored to me, I must hasten to convince you, that you need not again deprive me of the blessing of your society, under alarm of pecuniary pressure

upon my means. From the hour of your departure to this auspicious moment, fondly looking for the Dove of Peace restoring my Olive-branch, to spread fragrance around my table, I have practised an undeviating economy that daily added to the bulwark I was forming for the preservation of my maternal happiness:—and whilst I never closed my heart, or hand, against a just claim of charity—never debarred my family of essentials—and in no instance have neglected the acquirements of your amiable sisters, I have carefully deposited some hundred pounds to accumulate for my darling child against the hour of his return.”

The heart-penetrated Albert pressed the hand of his mother to his lips, in tender gratitude too great for utterance.

“I have further to state,” Mrs. Fauconberg continued, “the jewels presented to me by our lost treasure, on his elevation to the bench, still hold in my banker’s hands, for the purpose of proving, either my bequest to you, or aiding in your comforts upon your



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of the jewels, presented to you by our dear lamented treasure, adorning my table, for many a year to come. For, know, my beloved mother, that, whilst friendship sorely afflicted my bosom, it bequeathed me ample means to aid you in every comfort, nay, even luxury."

Albert now gave a hasty outline to his mother of this heartfelt loss, and worldly acquisition, he had so recently experienced; and finished his brief narrative by requesting silence upon the subject, until something decisive should take place between Mr. Rosstrevor and Gustavus; as, until then, he considered it prudent, the latter should not form expectations from other friends, to encourage the indolence of his nature, in making no exertion to rescue the Rosstrevor property from the vultures who had doomed it for their prey.

The following morning, before his usual hour for attendance, Dermod appeared in his master's chamber, with his large eyes starting from the sockets, with the amazement

which overpowered him, 'and' the domestics of the household, all of whom had risen at early dawn to prepare a feast to be given by Mrs. Fauconberg to the neighbouring peasantry, who had long since declared "they would make holiday upon the safe return of Master Albert to his place of nativity;" and, some of these domestics going into the stable, "discovered," as Dermod stated the matter, "in one of the *empty* stalls, now decorated with laurel-branches, a beautiful horse, of great apparent value, handsomely caparisoned, with buckles, &c. bearing the initials A. F. under the Fauconberg crest."

"So that there is not a doubt," continued Dermod, "'tis intended for your honor; though not a mother's babe of us know how the grand animal marched into his crown of laurels, unknonct to man or mortal. Some compliment the fairies, or good people, with the pretty attention of it, and are not for letting your honor mount it; but, myself thinks, the fairies would have unclosed the entrance by their ould route of frisking

through the key-hole, and not be going to the clumsy mortal resource of breaking open stable-doors; so that, as to the humbug of the fairies, or that the good people done it—

“There can exist no doubt,” said Albert, smiling, under conviction of its being the gift of his mother; who purposed thus to veil the donor from Gustavus, “for the people must be very good to send so valuable a gift to me.”

The curiosity of the grateful Albert led him promptly to behold this mysterious windfall, which he found all that Dermod had proclaimed; and, lest there should remain a doubt for whom it was designed, Albert discovered his own name, at full length, upon the cloth beneath the saddle.

Fully convinced of this being the gift of maternal affection, Albert vaulted into the saddle; and, after trying the paces of his beautiful acquisition, determined upon a short excursion, to enable him to sound its praise when he joined his kind mother at her breakfast-table.



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spirit of enthusiasm, to welcome this favourite of the surrounding peasantry home; for the moment it had transpired, by Dermod's letters to his parents, when Master Albert might be expected at Glennorah, preparations were commenced for bonfires, and for embellishing dresses into the picturesque; and now, men and women, decked with ribbons, and bearing chaplets of laurel, and garlands of flowers, attended by pipers and fiddlers, and led by Kilboggin, the manager of all the village sports, had proceeded to Mrs. Fauconberg's to awaken Albert with their *cead-mille-faltha*; where, learning the early bird was flown, and not brooking delay, they set out to seek him, despatching scouts in every direction to catch the nestling; and, having found him, these enthusiasts, in the genuine spirit of Irishism, narrowly escaped putting a period to his existence, by the wild tumult of their joy; for the unprepared Bucephalus set off in a fleet career of terror to escape the din his nerves could not stand, and must have precipitated himself and rider

down a tremendous rock, had not Albert been an able equestrian, who achieved the difficulty, in the moment of impending destruction, of turning him into another direction, and with so sudden and powerful an effort, as to transfix the scared animal with the electric check of apparent amazement.

Albert finding himself actually in safety—after a mental ejaculation, inspired by his escape—and, after soothing his terrified racer into tranquillity, gently commenced his route towards his frantic friends; when, soon informed by the medium of sound, that another flight of alarm was not impossible, he prudently dismounted; and, slinging the bridle of his panting charger upon his arm, proceeded to meet his welcomers; numbers of whom he found in advance, breathless and mute, from their race to aid him; others, on additional vocal duty, yelling the shouts of Indian savages; whilst the most genuine natives of the heart-actuating throng, were howling lamentations for “Master Albert, having been

kilt before their eyes, and now coming to tell them how the fairy's flying dragon murdered him."

Albert, in attestation that Irish fairy's killing was no murder, most graciously received his uproarious welcomers, assuring them he was unhurt, "except on beholding so many bright eyes dropping tears of alarm about him"—upon which the universal shouts of joy and merriment recommenced; when his walk with the frantic procession to Glen-norah, brought him, a nearly deafened man, to join his family at breakfast, where he found Gustavus in no pleasant mood, at demonstrations of joy that had not, in any instance, marked his own return.

The peasantry were now regaled with breakfast by the happy mother, in a barn made ready for the purpose; and this measure much annoyed Gustavus.—“Not,” she said, “that every welcome given to that good fellow, Albert, was not a gratification to him; but why, he should like to know, had not such testimonials of joy been evinced



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informs me, has appeared as a fairy gift for your Albert?—Or rather, the gift of a partial mother, to greet the return of her favourite son?”

“The gift was not mine, Gustavus: nor am I in the secret from whence it came,” said Mrs. Fauconberg.

“Not your gift, my dear mother!” exclaimed the astonished Albert.

“If it is the result of a penny subscription amongst your feasting constituents, yonder,” said Gustavus, in a sarcastic tone, “I would scorn a token of popularity from such ignoble means.”

“More probably it has been the gift of the parishioners of your dear father’s long-held benefice, who have taken this method of evincing kindness to the family, by attention to your brother, who has not, like you, been for years considered——

“An alien!” said Gustavus, peevishly.

Information was, at this moment, brought to Mrs. Fauconberg, with a respectful preface—“That there were such numbers to

dance, for Master Albert, unless they were permitted to begin without further delay, they would not have done before midnight."

This day of joyful welcome glided on in uninterrupted merriment—Groups followed groups, in dancing measure, before Master Albert—dinner and supper only compelling a fortunate, though temporary cessation;—the poor mistress's elbow transformed to the hue of ebony, by the perpetual jogs of Mrs. Kilboggin, who arrogated to herself, by authority of her husband's office, the power of prejudgment; for as each couple stood forth to exhibit in the national jig, the elbow received its jog, for the announcement of the degree of perfection now to be expected. "But this won't be the best," was the conclusion of every predecision, until long after the sun had retired to another hemisphere. But at length the joyful notice was proclaimed—"That the best *fut*, not here put foremost, was now beating joy's-tattoo for Master Albert,"—and, after a day

devoted to making the peasantry happy, by good cheer and gracious condescension, the premises were relieved from this gay assemblage; and the wearied family retired to rest.



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be!" said Emily; "for the treasures you have brought us from thence are a thousand times grander than even the pretty things you sent us from Madrid and Paris, Albert."

"How came that about?" demanded Gustavus. "Was it not something of a national blunder, to become more extravagant in your generousities as your resources decreased?"

Albert and his mother exchanged intelligent smiles, and Louisa said—

"Some blunder of national feeling, I suppose, operated on me; for I certainly prized the less expensive gifts more than I do, these superb ones. But, perhaps, this, arises, from the dear donor being here himself, to monopolize every thought."

Dermod now entered with a letter, directed to Albert, who, upon opening it, found written, in an execrable hand, and with scarcely intelligible orthography, the following words:— "If the memory of your father is dear to you, come without delay to

the brothers he loved." The signature was in a different character, and known to Albert as the writing of his uncle.

Albert first presented this summons to the perusal of his mother, and then to his brother, whose agitated countenance changed from the lily to the damask-rose, as Mrs. Fauconberg said, in a tone of agitation—

“Of course you will go, and immediately?”

“What, ma'am! you fear to injure the fortunes of your favourite son, by offending this capricious man,” exclaimed Gustavus, in a tone of bitter asperity.

“I can answer for it, our excellent mother cherishes not one wish relative to my fortunes, that does not find a respondent one in her affectionate bosom for you, Gustavus,” said Albert, with touching emotion—
 “and I am convinced, one moment's reflection must lead you to pronounce, that, after such an appeal, the son of our lamented father must hasten to that father's brother—and another moment of reflection must, I think, lead you to believe this summons may

be for the purpose of effecting a reconciliation with you.”

“Then why not send that note to me?—and that note one of apology?”

“My dear Gustavus!! Really, you expand into a most magnificent personage!” returned his brother, smiling—“You, the aggressor in the breach, expect——”

“Who dared to tell you I was the aggressor?”

“Yourself, my good friend; Come, come, my petted child, relax the knitting of that brow, and reclaim to their natural smile of fraternal amity those pouting lips; for I will not quarrel with my brother. Nor will I err, by indulgence to all your whims, like the partial uncle who spoiled the boy. Come, brighten, man!—if not to perfect sunshine, at least into rays genial to worldly wisdom. I am convened to Fauconberg Castle; and as I am sure of performing you some service there, I shall set out without delay: you must, therefore, hasten to furnish me with credentials to act your plenipotentiary.”



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me to act by those I love, as they would act by me. What is the matter, Gustavus? Why tremble so, and turn so pale, man? Surely, surely, you cannot shrink from obliging an attached brother.—Come, come, give me your permission, and all shall be arranged for this coveted independence ere I set out for Fauconberg Castle.

Oh! Albert!!—I deserve not this from you.—Do as you please with me, for you have penetrated a stubborn heart,” exclaimed Gustavus, throwing himself into his brother’s arms; and, in a few moments after, he rushed from the room, to conceal an agony of tears.

Albert despatched accordingly an order to his banker in London, to lodge in the hands of the army-agent, who was to manage the business, the sum necessary for this wished-for purpose; and then mounted his mysterious gift, and, attended by Dermod, accommodated, by desire of Gustavus, with Kelly’s horse, set out for Fauconberg Castle.

Our knight-errant and his faithful squire

had proceeded about a mile from 'Glennorah' when, 'in passing the base of a mountain, over which a short cut lay to Castle Town, the village contiguous to Fauconberg Castle, Dermod descried 'a gosssoon, whom he had a short time since seen in conference with Kelly—scampering at full speed up this path. Dermod, "having cause for suspicion, called the lad; who, through respect to Albert, returned and approached, though with evident reluctance."

"Ah! then what's your hurry, my man?" demanded Dermod.

"I've a reason for going to Castle Town; and myself wants to be back in time to clane the horse for Mrs. Killy."

"There will be plenty of time for that same, without exhausting your precious breath in this fashion," said Dermod.—"Why its only three miles from Glennorah by that path; and I never tuck more than two hours to walk it quietly."

"Arrah musha! 'sure I know, it was only tree miles, when you walked it," returned

the lad—"but 'twas measured since, and found to run four:—the devil's in it, if I must not, therefore, take longer in *go'ne nor you done."

"Well done, Paddy!" exclaimed Dermot, "but that measure won't take. Hip! hoy! Thady Rooney! Master Albert does you the honour to want you here."

Down came Thady Rooney from the mountain, where he had been at work; doffing his crownless hat, and grinning and bowing, and bowing and grinning, as he descended.

"Master Albert will be entirely obliged to you, and pay you nobly into the bargain, to be keeping this *spalpeen* prisoner, till yourself thinks we are safe in Fauconberg Castle."

"That will be too late for my business," exclaimed the unwary lad, almost weeping in alarm at this detention.

"Why, then, bad manners to you!—your business is the prevention of our safe arrival!—Mind that, Rooney!"

* Going.



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rare valet, whilst I am but the *sham*—and, faith, I made no bones of telling him—“If we make but a perfect *valet de sham* between us, the sham of honesty and fidelity is not in my scale.”—But, your honour, this rare valet, in the festivities of yesterday, drinking more than his shupérfine brain would conceal for him, so many quare things fell from his tongue, unknouct to his discretion, about “soon being richer nor the poor half-pay divil his master,” and about “threats operating, and life and money,” that, thinks I—Its a highway-gentleman we have in it!—I’ll have a cute eye on you, Mr. Cut-purse; and the dickins a life-threat shall you hold to my master—so that was my rason for coming armed, feard he’d be attacking us.”

“I rather suspect,” responded Albert, “that through his scout or *courier*, whom you so prudently intercepted, he meant his project to operate at Fauconberg Castle, where I have no doubt the bank he boasts of lies.”

to “Faith then, if that be his bank, he’ll

find it no *Saving Bank*, no more nor the highway to riches, if the law does its duty by him, the rap!" returned Dermod.

Without further adventure, Albert and his faithful attendant reached the portals of Falconberg Castle, where Dermod rang a loud peal; and seeing distinctly through a dunscope in the gate, a man sleeping profoundly in his chair within the lodge, he sounded another peal, and another, but without effect upon the soporifically entranced sot; when, out of all patience in this delay of respect to his master, Dermod set off to reconnoitre round the Castle for something in animated nature to admit them; when, unprepared for the animated auxiliary he sought, in the animal he strode, the astonished Albert suddenly beheld his faithful Dermod flying on his horse over the wall, his ha high in air, and he himself—though an excellent equestrian—with difficulty sustaining his saddle, in the surprise of being carried over unawares, the usual ingress of Mr. Kelly,

when, after nocturnal revels abroad, he chose to return unnoticed.

Dermod alighted safely in the quadrangle before the Castle, and promptly recovering his self-possession, took upon himself the post of porter, and admitted Albert. They both now dismounted, and like some knight and squire in a romance of supernatural agency, where every living thing was spell-bound from impeding them in the achievement of disenchanting some peerless beauty in captivity, they beheld no mortal to interrupt their entrance into the great gloomy hall of this antient Castle, but from whence they felt at a loss whither to proceed.

But long they were not doomed to this uncertainty for progress. An elderly female domestic came in view, in descent of a staircase; who in dumb show motioned for their approach in silence, and for following her as softly as their feet could fall.

On entering an apartment, the door of which she closed in caution, this hitherto mute guide whispered—



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“Ah, ha, my gay lad! I would have recognised you in the deserts,” continued Mr. Rosstrevor, when Albert was seated—
 “Ay, ay, upwards of threescore years, looking in my glass, has well versed me in your visage. By George, no son of mine could be more like me!”

Now it so happened, no two persons in existence could be more dissimilar;—neither in form, feature, nor expression of countenance, could be traced even a family resemblance.

“Ah! how much you remind me of your grandfather;—the leaves of trefoil are not more alike than my father, myself, and you, Alby! No similitude to your mother, or Mr. Fauconberg; and that’s the reason you are such a good lad.”

Albert felt alarmed—he feared this way of mentioning Gustavus boded no good; and though anxious to contend for the excellence of his beloved relatives, prudence counselled the policy of silence.

“How came you, Alby?”

“Upon a very fine horse—a mysterious gift to me,” responded Albert, remembering the domesticated ease with which, the moment he alighted in the Court-yard, his steed had pushed open a stable-door for his own entrance.

“Ah! ha! ha!” chuckled Mr. Rosstrevor. “A mysterious gift!—Ah! ha! ha!” “And he brought you hither without restiveness, I augur!—ha! ba! ha! The horse was mine, Alby!” I purchased him to present to Mr. Gustavus; and had him in Dublin for education; from whence he did not return until after Mr. Gustavus deserted. I bribed my own groom—for I have long been obliged to bribe my own people to execute my wishes, Alby—not even then secure, that a larger premium—for I am kept on short allowance in cash—may not outbid me—so I bribed my own groom to plan the transfer of this Bucephalus to the stable of my Alexander.”

Albert, with grateful animation, expressed his acknowledgments, and Mr. Rosstrevor proceeded—

“So, then, you do accept this gift, though you know it came from me!—Fearing otherwise, I contrived my mystery to conceal the donor. The next plan I had for management was to summon you. Poor Terry Bridle is a d—l of a scribe; but he did his best; and I signed it—all by stealth, as if committing felony together. Terry undertook to convey it instantly, things were come to such a pass here; and also, to bring hither Mr. Fairman, a lawyer of the neighbourhood, one who will not bend me to his own sinister designs, through bodily fear—for though no coward, fear must operate, Alby, when ailment renders the body powerless.”

“My dear uncle,” exclaimed Albert, in dismay; “you cannot mean, that any monster could be found who would resort to such atrocious measures?”

“But I do though, Alby—I am the prisoner—the tool—the victim—though no longer the dupe—of villany. Ay! ay!—I knew you would espouse my cause; and not



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“You must remember Father O’Callagan; at one time priest of Glennora parish, now of Castle Town. Well, like your father, I invited him to my table, where, by some *hocus-pocus*, he contrived to make me suffer the naming of your mother in my presence; and then, through the same imperceptible magic, to listen to anecdotes of her and her youngsters. Through this reverend magician I obtained a sight of these, aforesaid letters; and upon perusing them, I discovered you to be my counterpart, Alby. In my very childhood I became noted for humanity and self-denial. Ay, I well remember a very sultry day, walking to the Grange, nearly two miles I can tell you; because my pony was galled by the saddle. Another memorable day, I picked up a bird that had fallen from the nest, and climbed a very high hedge, at no small hazard, to replace it. Ay, ay, a thousand instances I could recall in testimony of our having kindred minds, Alby. *mon vint d’orq belistous bus*.”

“But the letters of O’Chanter alarming

the selfish miscreants surrounding me, poor Father O'Callagan, was banished from the Castle, without my knowledge, and the ruthless gout destroyed my power of recalling him. Fortunately for me, however, poor Terry Bridle was seized with a dangerous fever, and was chucked out of the Castle by that unfeeling beldam Crammer. At length Terry recovered and returned to the Castle: and, under the influence of Father O'Callagan, who had taken care of him in his illness, an altered man, ready to make every atonement for the part he had meditated against me, acknowledging, confidentially, that I was encompassed by those who had sworn to hasten my departure from this world, by every means short of manifest violence, to possess themselves of that portion of my wealth, which having left myself alone in the world, I had committed to their mercy. In our daily conferences, whilst my family of locusts *gourmandised*, I learned from Bridle the share of my property.

allotted to him by the conspirators, was five hundred pounds; when fearing contagion might cause his relapse into villany, by George, I pledged myself to give him my promissory note for a thousand pounds, the moment I could hold a pen, if he remained firm to my interest. Terry now advised my taking no more medicine from my regular nurse, till I made her a similar promise of reward for fidelity.

“The result has been, that, though weak and low from long bodily and mental suffering, I feel better in health; and the use of my right-hand returning in some degree, I have been enabled to send my request to you, and to summon an honest lawyer. But, had Mr. Gustavus a heart like yours and mine, Alby, he would not have left my rescue for your achievement. He would, after the first erring impulse of irritation, have returned to his decrepid parent, ere the confounded villains——But it is time to give you some idea of my situation, for according to my keepers, as, by George, I



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the wedded comforts of your father, and take courage, Alby! Father O'Callagan has described those comforts by the hour for me. Ay, by George, till I have almost wept at my single blessedness—for single was it—as conscious integrity comprised its all—Not so my brother: besides his dutiful and healthy progeny, he had in his virtuous wife a friend of the bosom, who, cleaving unto him, made his honor, his interest, his happiness, the foundation of her own. By George, he stood as a patriarch of old, amid his tribe, revered, beloved, obeyed; conferring benefits, and meeting genuine gratitude. When in health, the participators of his happiness were those who considered his satisfaction the sweetest blossom of their enjoyments. In sickness and death—ah! my enviable brother!—his pillow was softened by tender attachment—his pains soothed by the sympathy of affection; and his last sigh received as the parting pang of their own earthly happiness, by those by whom he was surrounded.

“ Father O’Callagan, who heard all from your father’s old valet, described the whole final scene for me. — Ay, how your mother sat, day after day, and night after night, by the pillow of her dying husband ; her heart’s agony locked within, whilst she seemed turned to all eye and ear, to watch and act for his relief—whilst you, stripling as you were, aided your sorrowing mother through her anxious vigil.—Ay, and when your father’s chaplain, subdued by the task, fled from the chamber of his friend and patron—you, my poor Alby, at the request of your father, took up the book and read the service for the dying, with a voice that thrilled even through its firm and pious energy, the melting tone that betrayed how piercing was the pang which duty inflicted.—Ay, and how, when the sad task was ended, you fled, poor lad, to a distant sanctuary ; and, by a paroxysm of hysteric sobbing, revealed the feelings of your heart.

“ Forgive this renewal of your filial sorrow, Albert ; yet, think of the contrast—

even in the moment death takes me hence, not one tear will fall, not one sigh heave, to tell that nature has sustained a pang. I shall die as I lived, a stranger to the sweet ties of genuine affection.—I spun the cobwebs in the house of slothful indulgence, in which the poor spinner is caught. But, I now trust, you will ensure me an undisturbed exit, by the hand of nature; and guard me, whilst I do live, from the vultures that have been screaming out my death-note in my ear.

—“My good Alby, how my heart thanks you for the indignation that now mantles your cheeks, and sparkles its vivid fire from your eyes—eyes, by George, which remind me, at every glance, of what mine were ere I suffered myself—or at least Mr. Gustavus suffered me—to become a cypher in my own dwelling. Not two hours passed after the haughty dereliction of my name and me, by Major Fauconberg, ere the gout assailed me in all quarters. My household physician informed me I was in imminent danger, and not a moment must be wasted, ere I made a



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bug was too insulting to reason; and, by George, I ebulliated into a paroxysm of such indignant fury, that he took himself out of my apartments in high panic, fearing this irritation might send me off ere his sinister purposes were accomplished. For some blessed days I heard no more of my marriage—confound the infernal word!—But, yesterday morning, in stalked the whole troop of conspirators, Miss Biddy in bridal investments, enveloped in the white veil of her innocence. The priest, with his book in hand—the lawyer, freighted with parchment—and the bride's father, bearing a ponderous horsewhip;—when, without further preface, the pleasing alternative was offered to me of either signing these parchments, and taking a wife, or submitting to a sound drubbing, of a frame already tortured by painful malady. I demanded to see the parchments; and, whilst they were preparing something plausible to shew me, I drew a pistol from the ambush Bridle had placed it in, for my defence against outrage, which he knew was

in meditation, and, levelling it at the brandisher of the horsewhip, the whole band of miscreants disappeared, with threats of soon returning with means to bow me to their will. And, in pleasant expectation of the realizing of this threat, I remained unmolested since ; seeing none but my nurse and Bridle, until my eyes were blessed by the entrance of my champion.”

Mr. Rosstrevor now burst into an agony of tears, awakened by a painful sense of humiliation, and of feelings harassed by bodily pain and mental terror, now mingled with pious joy, through certainty of deliverance.

CHAPTER XVII.

ALBERT, wishing to obtain from the nurse some specific for cheering the spirits of Mr. Rosstrevor, opened the door into the anti-chamber, and beheld Dermod, with extended arms, opposing the admission of Mrs. Crammer, who seemed, whilst speaking in low tones, endeavouring to force an entrance.

“I tell you, mistress, there is no use in life for your wasting your forcing arguments in this fashion,” exclaimed Dermod, “for I’ll not suffer you to lay a finger on the parchments.”

At this moment Mr. Snuggs appeared at the door also, bearing the countenance of a dauntless sycophant; one who proclaimed, by his mass of acquirements at the festive board, that his permission to feed at his patron’s table was no sinecure; and who, with a fawning bow to Dermod, requested leave



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“*Augh*, then, master dear,” exclaimed Dermod—“from the Hut to the Castle, we have always the luck of knocking our heads against danger, and never can manage to keep out of bad company, for the life of us. Faith it was well I brought these pistols, or that ponderous bale of roguery would have clutched that fraudulent will and marriage-settlement, which I made bould to cast my cute eye over, whilst doing nothing here, as the nurse-tender—the civil woman, who was our gentleman-usher-up hither—informed me what the parchments contained; which made me take the peep into them; and, being deeds of atrocity, we must look after them. They were placed here in readiness, about two hours before our arrival; and the poor ’squire was to be belabored into signing them all, as soon as Mr. Bibberbuck would get up to give his helping hand to the cruelty, and to marry the ’squire, without his own leave or licence, to brazen Biddy.

“But the cannon being over-charged burst, without waiting for the match. The atro-

cious hypocrite, who, like Ramirez and Sanchó, disgraced a sacred profession, and who always kept predicting sudden death for the squire, wint to his bed so overloaded with whisky last night, that the spirit exploded ere morning—though not discovered till just before we came. But though all the conspirators are thrown into consternation by this awful judgment, and by our getting up to the squire unknownct to them, which, of course, our horses told—no doubt, your honour, they will rally and arm, and that we shall have a skirmish to maintain our ground, and this prize—proof of their roguery.”

“Nothing more likely,” said Albert; “therefore, I must place these proofs of villainy in a more secure station;” and now, gathering up the parchments for concealment in his uncle’s chamber, he was summoned by the nurse, who feared Mr. Rosstrevor was about to swoon.

A little sprinkling of water, and the kind and cheering words of his nephew, soon brought Mr. Rosstrevor to himself; when Albert de-

manding "If there was no efficacious cordial to be had, effectually to revive him," Mr. Rosstrevor exclaimed, with eagerness—

"No, Alby, we must allow nothing to pass our lips now manufactured in this house; for no doubt they will aim at poisoning you as well as me. By George, this fear, suddenly striking me, made me so nearly faint.—No, my kindilád, we must make interest with your mother, and receive our nourishment and cordials from her stores until the horde below is routed."

During this sudden indisposition of Mr. Rosstrevor's, Dermod observed a chaise advancing upon the high road towards the Castle, and attended by three horsemen; one of whom he quickly recognised as the groom of Mr. Rosstrevor; and having heard from the nurse, that this man was not in the conspiracy against her master, he became anxious upon the mode by which he would gain admission for himself and party; but soon Dermod perceived Bridle—unsuspected of disaffection to the villanous confederacy—



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At the desire of Mr. Rosstrevor, Albert despatched a request to his mother for her removing, with her household, to Fauconberg Castle, with all convenient speed, to head her brother's family, in future, as her own.

“I shall not long torment your mother, Alby, with my old bachelor absurdities,” said Mr. Rosstrevor, “which I now vainly regret I did not suffer her to rally me out of. The agitation I have endured for so many days; in expectation of the threatened hostility—the shock I sustained, at hearing of the awful visitation upon him I long regarded—for poor Terry Bridle blundered it out to me, not aware that I was ignorant of the event—with the transition of my feelings in this hour, when I behold a kind—a tender relative beneath my roof; when I can repose in safety, surrounded by honourable men—I fear have altogether proved more than my shattered frame and harassed mind can weather.”

The medical attendant of Mrs. Fauconberg's family, whom Albert summoned, ar-

rived in due time; and though he spoke cheeringly to Mr. Rosstrevor, informed Albert privately, he found every reason to believe the constitution of Mr. Rosstrevor had not been fairly dealt by; and upon closely questioning the nurse, his suspicions of foul play, at least of administering medicines to him that were poison to a gouty habit, were not diminished.

The two most confidential servants of Mrs. Fauconberg having arrived at the Castle, as soon as possibility would admit of it, Albert entreated his uncle to take some nourishment, now every alarm relative to its preparation had terminated; but every wish for former indulgences seemed suspended in Mr. Rosstrevor, whose chief anxiety appeared now for Mr. Fairman to be at leisure to attend especially to him.

“For I feel, my dear Alby, I ought not to delay in arranging my worldly affairs; lest these villains may have fabricated some last testament as mine yet to plague you; and until I do so, no medicine, no sustenance,

no society will do me good. But when this important task is accomplished, I may stand some chance of a temporary recovery, to enjoy the novel sight of honorable men, and female worth, beneath my roof; when, who knows but the young ivy, clinging round the old oak of barren desolation, may give it for a time the hue at least of healthful verdure."

Albert now with fraternal anxiety, watched for every well-timed opportunity of uttering all that his affectionate heart could suggest in favour of his brother; and full of his ardent wish to effect this reconciliation ere he retired to rest, the first night of his residence in Fauconberg Castle, he addressed Gustavus upon the pitiable situation of Mr. Rosstrevor; and conjured him to conquer every feeling of resentment, and to present himself the following morning, in his uncle's chamber, as a dutiful and affectionate son; and this epistle he arranged for having forwarded at early dawn to Gustavus.

As the first thing said the subsequent day by Mr. Rosstrevor, to his nephew, after the



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Edwin Riversdale had not been a man likely to form an erroneous estimate of the extent of his property; for Mr. Rosstrevor combated his beliefs with the estimates of heads as clear as Solomon's own, who had ruined their residuary legatees with moonshine bequests; and, at length, Albert was compelled to admit the possibility of his legacy proving a bubble, since adherence to a contrary opinion irritated Mr. Rosstrevor to a degree menacing his health.

The fraternal hopes of Albert relative to the prompt arrival of his brother at the Castle, were, however, frustrated by the policy of Kelly, to whom it no sooner transpired what the express to Mrs. Fauconberg contained—for his master was in the habit of imparting to him most of his concerns, that Kelly might save him the trouble of thinking and acting—than that miscreant, alarmed lest it should appear how deeply he had been engaged in the conspiracy, determined his master should take flight out of the way; and therefore poured a plausible strain into

the ears of Gustavus, which he affected to have gleaned from the bearer of the express, comprising all things which he knew would operate upon the irritable pride of the Major; for, arrived at that climax of skill, in guiding the actions of his master to coalesce with his own wishes, he knew it would in his present plan subvert them at once, did he venture to throw suspicion upon the honor or generosity of Albert Fauconberg.

Gustavus, not brooking the humiliations, pretended by Kelly to be in preparation for him, by the fixed determination of Mr. Rosstrevor, resolved at once upon trusting to his affectionate brother for making more palatable terms for him, when he should be out of the way of immediately answering the possible summons of his uncle; and therefore hastily, unadvisedly, and unknown to his mother, set out for Dublin, about an hour previous to that appointed by Mrs. Fauconberg for proceeding to the Castle.

The reception which Mr. Rosstrevor gave to Mrs. Fauconberg and his nieces was

cordial, and the manner in which he invested the new mistress of the Castle with supreme command, affecting; but when he found his new inmates were unaccompanied by the son of his early adoption, although the kind mother and brother had, for his sake, condescended to the fabrication of a plausible excuse for the truant's absence,—the smile of pleasure vanished at once, and the scowl of peevish sternness took possession of the invalid's aspect; and his impatience for the increased diligence in Mr. Fairman for the final arrangement of his worldly affairs, augured portentously for the interests of the unwary absentee.

Albert lost not one moment in despatching an express after his brother; and being now fully aware of Kelly's villany, importuned Gustavus to hold no communication with Kelly upon the subject, but to set out on the moment for Fauconberg Castle.

The letter being sent by a trusty domestic of Mr. Fairman, was safely delivered into the hands of Major Rosstrevor; who, him-



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individual evidence against the miscreant league, so renewed his dangerous agitation, as to bring on a fatal paroxysm of the gout in a vital region; and he expired a few hours before the arrival of his truant nephew.

Albert Fauconberg had known his uncle too short a period to experience any thing like filial sorrow for his demise; but he had known him under circumstances which had strongly excited pity and interest; added to which, was the undefinable regard which genuine benevolence ever feels for the individual it has benefited; so that his grief, if not poignant, yet existed, and was sincere.

Albert received his brother with affection: imparted the melancholy intelligence that awaited him with all the tender feeling of his nature, and hailed Gustavus as the master of the Fauconberg domain.

“Yes, I am its master,” said Gustavus, bursting into an agony of tears; “but none need envy me the possession of a spot I never can reside in. No, Albert, the recollection of my unkindness in flying from my

long indulgent uncle, when so near his dissolution, would haunt me, like his upbraiding spirit, at every turn."

At this moment Mrs. Fauconberg appeared, to condole with and congratulate her son upon his arrival.

"And you too were here, and yet your united tender care could not save my uncle from the grasp of death, as you each rescued me!" exclaimed Gustavus, with a burst of animated feeling, which his mother and his brother hailed as of auspicious promise.

Shortly after Louisa and Emily entered, and flying to embrace their elder brother, each burst into those tears of sympathy which the belief that he was grieved excited; but they had yet done nothing to touch the Promethean spark of kindred affection in the bosom of Gustavus; who, therefore, would rather have been spared the annoyance of seeing tears which he was not inclined to soothe; whilst they, on their part, feeling no sorrow for their departed relative beyond that which humanity and local circumstances awakened,

were not tardy in drying those tears, when they found their tranquillity would be more acceptable; and soon the juvenile Emily, concluding, that as tears were not agreeable to Gustavus, he might like something in the form of cheerfulness, exclaimed—after making quite sure she had vanquished every trace of supererogatory sympathy—

“The beautiful Miss Foxlove, who never visited us whilst we were her near neighbours at Glennorah, has been to call on mamma here!—Was not that very kind to take the trouble of coming so far?—Oh! and she told Louisa, who never thought of asking her opinion—‘she considered you enchanting, and Albert fascinating; but both so irresistible she was posed to declare which she could prefer.’ Was not that very civil, or very queer?”

“The puzzle will terminate when my uncle’s will transpires,” said Louisa. “That test—ament will prove Gustavus, beyond all doubt, the more fascinating enchanter. But, Miss Foxlove is not the only one who has



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through yours of human kindness; you know your hut, my dear kind fellow, did not afford my mother's resources. No, no, my mother's care was heaven.

“So you must take into your calculations of the future, ma'am,” continued Gustavus, struggling with the rising tears of filial and fraternal gratitude, and endeavouring to smile—“that even should Miss Foxlove find cause for decision in my favor, I should be in no hurry for commencing Benedict to issue the route for your retreat to Glennorah cottage.”

“Glennorah cottage!” exclaimed Albert, in a tone of evident chagrin, whilst his expressive countenance betrayed grief and disappointment—“I should hope our mother's sons have too much affection for her, to permit her ever returning thither for more than a temporary residence.”

“I forgot myself in the new lesson I feel anxiety to learn,” said Gustavus; “but I shall lay an embargo upon you, Albert, to take my instructions from you for domestic

life. For you, having been reared amid the tender affections—which I was not, nor had I the smallest conception of; till my fortunate illness beneath my mother's roof, when they beamed their soft magic on me—you, I say, can tell me, how best to promote my mother's future comfort."

The tears which had before trembled in Albert's eyes now gushed forth, and starting from his seat he clasped Gustavus to his bosom, as he exultingly exclaimed—

"Now we have found the key of your heart, we shall hourly discover its rich treasures." And, as he receded from the embrace of his brother, his countenance no longer wore the tone of distressed embarrassment, which it had for many hours portrayed; for now the wishes of his generosity felt he should no longer find a warning voice from prudence to restrain them.

"Amongst many things I wish to learn from you, Albert," continued Gustavus, "is, how to conduct myself to my female relatives. Your manner to them is peculi-

arly graceful! To my mother, you seem like a loyal, though not a servile subject, to a revered and beloved sovereign, whom you would live for—die for!—whilst Louisa and Emily you treat with something of the tone of a kind and anxious father, happily combined with that of a playful friend.”

When the last testament of the deceased came to be inspected, it was found to contain a handsome remuneration to his executor, Mr. Fairman; a bequest to Father O’Callagan, and to the poor of Castle Town parish; and, in consequence of a flaw discovered by Mr. Snuggs, when, for his own sinister views, he had investigated the settlement upon the adoption of Gustavus, having given the testator power, bequeathed all his maternal inheritance and personal property to Albert, never even mentioning the name of Gustavus in this his final close of subternary arrangements.

But the generous, just, and affectionate Albert lost not one unnecessary moment in making over this very considerable property



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permission; but that of Xavier he held too sacred for the inspection of any one but himself; therefore, he considered Sir Frederick's letter as a mandate for his prompt return to Ménroy, and arranging with his sorrowing relatives, for their shortly visiting him at Stanlake Abbey; and with Dermod's parents, for their removal of residence to be near their only child, he pronounced his adieus to his beloved family, and, accompanied by his two faithful travelling companions, once more set out for England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN arrived at Menroy, our traveller found only Sir Frederick there—Marchmont having set out for London the preceding day, relative to the publication of the efforts of his pen, kindly accompanied by Nettlethorp.

General De la Warr lost not a moment in flying to greet Fauconberg upon his arrival.

“You must, with Sir Frederick, join our party at dinner to-day, at the cottage, Albert,” said he, “where all will rejoice to see you; though your feeling heart will not rejoice to see my poor child sinking into an early grave.”

The General burst into an agony of tears, and some moments elapsed ere he found firmness to proceed.

“Yes, Albert, the child, whose sad fate I for years lamented;—whose restoration

cost me five years agonizing uncertainty—has been restored to my parental arms, only to inflict the torture of beholding her pining in secret grief, in which I am allowed no participation.”

Had General De la Warr raised his flowing eyes to look on Fauconberg, he would have beheld him the semblance of despair; for Fauconberg believed his suspicions were too just; and that the death of Xavier was the mortal malady of Adeline. But the sorrowing parent was, at this moment, too much absorbed in the anguish of his apprehensions, for making observation; and by the time he became more composed, Albert had resumed his firmness.

But that firmness could scarcely bear him through the first moments of re-meeting Adeline; for she looked on the wing for other realms;—as if transforming to seraphic mould in readiness. To Fauconberg her malady was manifest.—Conviction whispered him, it was hopeless love. But, though bending beneath the blast that shook her, she was,



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“I shall lose her, Albert,” he exclaimed, “just as she has twined herself around my heart, each hour presenting tendrils to fasten herself in firmness there, proving her a true scion of the rare mother-plant from which she sprung.—I implore you, Albert, to draw her into conversation upon the merits of the friend you mutually mourn, and discover for me if my sister’s suspicions be well founded—of love having stolen into the bosom of my unsuspecting child, in the form of fraternal affection; for then, alas! her case, like my happiness, is hopeless. She is now walking in the grounds with Olivia and Sir Frederick.—Join them.—The lovers will intuitively draw off into their own world, and leave you unmolested, to execute this sad task for me.”

Albert, with fear and trembling, obeyed.—He found Adeline like the lily entwined with the rose, as she, in interesting languor, rested upon the arm of her blooming cousin, by whose side Sir Frederick walked, “to sigh and look unutterable things.”—Fauconberg, the inhabitant of the same house, the

same carriage, the same ship, for so many weeks, could scarcely be considered presumptuous, in offering his arm for support to the fair invalid. Adeline, blushing to a tint emulating Olivia's bloom, hesitated—and then gracefully took the offered support; too much occupied by the cause of her own perturbation to perceive the nervous agitation of her supporter,—for Adeline had communications to make to Fauconberg, which almost subdued that firmness, which she hoped to evince in the painful conflict.

Adeline felt she had not strength for a lengthened walk, nor fortitude for protracted suffering. Fortunately, the General's prediction was promptly verified. Olivia and Sir Frederick were soon completely entranced in each other's conversation. Adeline, therefore, lost no time in commencing her painful task, and tremulously she said—

“ I have lately received a letter from Spain, Mr. Fauconberg, and of deep interest to you.”

“ If from Don Stefano, and announcing

his welfare, it will, indeed, prove of pleasing interest to me," responded Fauconberg, surprised at the impressive, though agitated, manner of her communication.

"Your late change of country may have deprived you of a letter, to enlighten you upon the subject I allude to," continued Miss De la Warr—"I have been honoured by a confidence of interest to you; and, through the inspirations of powerful gratitude to my preserver from destruction—the faltering voice of Adeline, now in its melting cadence, proclaimed that failure in sensibility to Albert's claims upon her gratitude, was not attributable to her,—“I will strive to merit this confidence, by doing all that you and Senora Florantha require.—But still I wish I had not been selected for this confidence. My father would have proved an able counsellor, as well as agent, Mr. Fauconberg; whilst I——”

The dulcet tones of Adeline's soft voice now ceased at once; and Fauconberg, who had been gazing on her with all the rapturous



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feeling; and Adeline's cheeks bloomed with the rose's brightest tints, as in a tone of reproof, softened by the harmony of gratitude, she softly said—

“The letter of Senora Florantha is in England; but not the hand that wrote it, Mr. Fauconberg”—then, promptly turning to her father, announced herself equal to walk on, and, anxious to return to the house; and leaning on her father's arm, she did so, leaving Albert overwhelmed with regret and amazement.

Never was the often-quoted aphorism of the wisest of mortals more keenly verified, than in Fauconberg's bosom at this period;—his heart was indeed sick at this deferring of that hope he panted to have realized.—Fauconberg was no vain coxcomb—no self-deluder, upon conviction of his own resistless captivations:—but the communications of Dermod had awakened recollections, which opened in his mind the dawning rays of that possibility his heart coveted; and had pre-disposed his conceptions for the facilities of

welcome interpretations. Under this influence he anticipated, that some new manœuvres of Donna Florantha's were once more in motion to separate him from happiness, that the suspicious agitation of Miss De la Warr, the despairing cadence in her tones, when she reverted to Florantha, whispered, might otherwise be his.

But when in the absence of Adeline—when all around—when every thought partook of that cheerless gloom, the departure of the sun of his idolatry inspired, fear whispered—“That possibly Dermod and Lopez might have been deceived, through some sportiveness of the Spanish abigail:—that, perhaps, he had even now deceived himself by unwarrantable hypothesis, and that something awaited his ear relative to the confidence of Senora Florantha, solely relative to the miscreants whom he had aided in delivering into the power of justice,” and in bearing the pangs which these apprehensions awakened, he found his fortitude a weak auxiliary.

“But should Hope prove the bright luminary of his love horoscope,” was the next strain of the lover’s fluctuating thoughts—“should the machinations of Senora Florantha have been the source of Miss De la Warr’s alarming malady—should the joy of Hope, which he was aware had beamed over his countenance the moment preceding her swoon, have caused that swoon, by misinterpretation of its source; in ascribing it to her intelligence from Spain, and not in truth the effect of that intelligence upon herself—how portentous to her peace—her health—must the intervening moments prove, until they met again—until her more explicit communications called forth explanations to chase misrepresentation, and give him hope and happiness. Under the interdiction of uncertainty, he could attempt no step for removing the barb from her peace, without inflicting pangs upon her delicacy; or, by apparent consciousness, rendering himself contemptible.”

At this climax to mental perplexity, Ge-



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that mental malady which threatens to bereave me of my child."

"My dear General," the agitated Albert replied, blushing in consciousness of the passages to which his lamented friend had alluded—"I would this moment hasten to comply with the wish of Miss De la Warr, was I not aware of the afflicting matter the manuscript contains; and fear its effect upon her sensibility. However, I will bring it with me when I return to dinner; and consign it to Miss De la Warr's care, or not, just as you may determine advisable."

Albert now hesitated, and, after a moment of indecision, he, with an air of conscious embarrassment, continued—

"Although not upon the subject to which your wishes pointed, Miss De la Warr had commenced a subject of much interest, which her indisposition terminated. Through this distressing interruption, I remain unenlightened upon a circumstance which, to Miss De la Warr, appears one of much perplexity; and she having expressed her wish

that you had been confided in, I feel at liberty to employ you, General, to tell Miss De la Warr, 'That as far as I can in possibility be concerned in the communications she has recently received from Spain, I withdraw every interdict upon my part, to your becoming the counsellor and agent in requisition; for now, having performed the sad task that called me last into Spain, I have not, nor ever can have, secrets of any description, with any individual of that country. No; in firm truth, the dearest secrets of my heart seek, nor covet, no other confidants than General De la Warr and his inestimable child.'"

The General caught the hand of Fauconberg with the grasp of parental affection, and pressed it to his throbbing heart in silence.

Sir Frederick now summoning Albert home to make their dinner toilette, the General hastened to Adeline with the message he was entrusted to deliver; and to which he added his own entreaties for her doing as

Albert had recommended, and confide her perplexities in her tender parent.

General De la Warr soon found, he must manœuvre for the information Fauconberg had rendered interesting to him; and at length elicited from the agitated Adeline, “That Senora Florantha Lamorta, who had been very attentive to her during their short acquaintance in the Consular House in Malaga, had, to her infinite surprise, lately written to confide in her the mutual attachment of herself and Mr. Fauconberg.”

“Of which,” continued the blushing and faltering Adeline, “I heard something before I quitted Spain. But, in her letter, Senora Florantha implores me, ‘by the gratitude I owe her betrothed, to yield her an asylum under my protection, whilst after publicly renouncing the errors of her present faith, she may pass the probationary year, ordained by the laws of England, ere the marriage of a proselyte can become effective. That her own family are so determined against her union with a heretic, and Mrs. Faucon-



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believe him. In fact, my beloved child, I suspect it to be some plan of those diabolicals—No, no, my love; I do not, cannot mean, a plan of those miscreants we left in the fangs of justice, for injuring any of us; so do not look so piteously alarmed. I only mean, that whosoever may have been the fabricator of this letter, or for whatsoever purpose it was addressed to you, that Fauconberg has no engagement with Senora Lamorta.”

“Thank heaven!” exclaimed Miss De la Warr, with thrilling emphasis, that promptly recalled to her own sensitive recollection the inference such an emphatic delivery might awaken; and with still suspicious eagerness she added, whilst she blushed the deepest tints of crimson, “I was, indeed, concerned at this engagement; because — because, I had reason to suspect Senora Florantha was not exactly the choice, those who regard Mr. Fauconberg, would have made for him.”

“Certainly, my love,” replied the General, whilst an expressive smile played on his lip,

Senora Florantha is not the choice which either you or I would have made for Albert.”

Sir Frederick and Fauconberg were so exceedingly apprehensive of delaying dinner at the cottage, that they arrived there nearly an hour before the appointed time, which prematurity afforded opportunity to the General for giving the epistle of Senora Florantha to the perusal of Fauconberg, whose indignant amazement at such unfounded allegations broke at once the bonds of delicacy towards the fair romancer, which otherwise would have sealed his lips upon certain points for ever; and he unreservedly related to his attentive auditor—“That he had become acquainted with this visionary Senora at Mr. Bellwood’s, when his mind was so occupied by Alvina and Xavier, that he knew not whether the females around him wore the heads of Gorgons or of Houris; and, therefore, from this state of mind, he had been even defective in the necessary courtesies of society; yet, strange to say,

she had, upon his last return to Malaga, most unequivocally offered herself to him to wife; an honor which he had upon the instant most decidedly rejected.”

The motive for Senora Florantha sending her plausible fabrication to Miss De la Warr proved an enigma to the General and Albert they knew not how to solve.—“For if meant to impress Miss De la Warr with conviction of Fauconberg’s being under a solemn engagement to Senora Florantha, and therefore could not in honor address another, how was the Senora to manage, by her coming to England, to confirm her statement?—How was her veracity to escape the disgrace of detection?”

That General De la Warr and Fauconberg should find this fabrication of the enamoured Senora enigmatical, can scarcely excite wonder, when it seriously puzzled herself; for acting without judgment in her enterprise, she had put out to sea without ballast or rudder, and now lay at the mercy of the elements, upon the rocks and shoals of



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Spain. Florantha's mortification was acute, but hers was a mind that would not attempt the subjugation of her inauspicious passion, and her determination was, to persevere and conquer. Mora again was called into council, and Mora had a deeper game to play, than the persevering Senora was aware of.— To involve Florantha in a labyrinth of perplexities, from which she could not disembarass herself, was the Machiavellian policy of this specious agent of consummate villainy; and Florantha was worked upon by Mora, as the first step of a promising plan for ultimate triumph over the obstacles to her union with Fauconberg, to address that plausible letter to Miss De la Warr, to request an asylum from her in England.

But that letter was no sooner irrevocably on its way to Miss De la Warr, than Mora began to exhibit symptoms of alarm and doubt, upon the promise of their meditated subsequent proceedings; and thus adroitly led on the precipitate Florantha to reflect upon inevitable consequences, and to tremble

in that maze of falsehood in which she had rashly involved herself; for no purpose, as it now seemed to her awakening judgment, but to overwhelm her in mortification and disgrace.

CHAPTER XIX.

ADELINE could not command sufficient firmness to meet Fauconberg at dinner. His unequivocal denial to her father, of every asseveration in the letter of Senora Florantha, so sensibly awakened the reminiscence of her ungracious repellency of conduct, which the influence of false impressions had inspired towards him, that she almost feared contrition might lead her into an opposite extreme. In fact, she apprehended her now fondly-cherished interpretation of the parting moment of her last interview with Fauconberg, might emanate in consciousness, destructive to that secret which had remained undiscovered within the inmost recesses of her heart, since the moment she had learned, her hero of the valley of Santa Barbara had been seen by Guzman in evident amity with Xavier;



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interest she felt for the narrator, from her intention of merely looking into the commencing pages, into the perusal of the whole melancholy memoir of her beloved Xavier; and thus unfitted herself from joining the party in the "drawing-room" that evening, as she had promised.

Nor upon the next day was Adeline sufficiently recovered from the effect the perusal of this narrative had upon her affectionate and grateful susceptibility, to join the family circle. And though the barbed arrow, which had pierced her heart through hopeless love, was now removed by the testimony of Xavier; that though thus incontestibly assured Xavier had smiled auspiciously upon the attachment of Albert to her, and that she felt convinced her father would present no interdict, she was so sensitive in consciousness, that she who had, whilst believing her love hopeless, concealed it even from suspicion, would now, in terror of betraying it immaturely, have confined herself to her own

apartments, day after day, had she not perceived, her absence from the family circle distressed her father.

Upon the day of Adeline's re-appearance, Sir Frederick and Albert were added to the cottage party, as they now almost daily were, in consequence of the discomfort occasioned by the introduction of workmen into the Castle, for its repairs; and in defiance of the recent sad sympathy of her mind, awakened by the narrative of Xavier, the aspect of Adeline was so much more tranquillized, that her father could now gaze upon her without alarm of hopeless malady; and her lover, with soothing hope and increasing admiration.

The influence of cheerful society had, to the great rapture of Mrs. Manners, so operated upon her lovely daughter, that she, too, no longer looked the drooping child of desolation. Mrs. Brudenel could now, without much effort, take an animated part in conversation; and not unfrequently talked of that period when maternal duties would

gift the gay world with charms and interest for her; but nothing through all these cheering rays could be traced, even by presumptive evidence, of her having relaxed in her constancy to her husband's memory.

Olivia De la Warr had not recently directed her attention to observing all around her, and therefore had no suspicion of the sentiments entertained by her newly-found cousin and Fauconberg towards each other; and the conversation after dinner this day having turned upon Adeline's escape from an unexpected voyage to the Indian Ocean, Olivia, whose exuberance of animation, not much subdued by the influence of the blind urchin, with the wild thoughtlessness which had marked her manner ere her residence at Rosindale, suddenly exclaimed,

“Have not you two adventurers deviated from all rule most shamefully? Pray, General, for you know Alethea says, all my knowledge is General now, as *mon oncle* is my oracle. Pray, General, is it not in the inevitabilities of the order of knight-errantry, to



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“But how do you know, fair accuser,” said the General, smiling, “that the Knight of the Emerald Isle, and the rescued damsel, are absolutely the enormous culprits you proclaim them? Until you can make good your charge, and prove them guilty, we must, like true Britons, consider the accused innocent.”

Albert, by this time allured from his embarrassment, by the fascinating animation of his playful accuser, in something of respondent gaiety, exclaimed—

“Suppose I were to plead not guilty to your serious charge, what proofs can you establish, to banish me from my country?”

“Proofs!” replied Olivia, “Can you think, although I have not had, like Miss Daggerly, ‘an aunt’s sister,’ who spouted law in ‘vermin’ robes, that I know so little of the wily craft, as to blazon forth to the accused, the proofs I have to bring into Court? But fear not, I can produce sufficient testimony against you—for, as Rosalind says—‘There are none of my uncle’s marks upon you; he

taught me to know a man in love, in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner?"

"What were his marks?—Where do they appear?"—retorted Albert, beaming an archly significant glance over Sir Frederick.

"You mean *mon oncle's* marks, of the many giddy offences wherewith he generally taxed our sex withal; they are like one another as halfpence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it," responded Olivia, adroitly turning off the arch allusion to her own well accoutred lover, by another apt quotation from Rosalind.

"Absolutely, you appear so accomplished in the meanderings of intricacy," replied Albert, smiling and blushing, as he approached the climax of his *badinage*, "that I cannot dare to plead my own cause before you. I must, therefore, call in counsel likely to equal you in talent; and present my brief testimonies to an advocate competent to

prove my innocence, in the unknighly charge with which I am impeached."

But that very night, Fauconberg narrowly escaped a contingency, which would have destroyed his power of ever presenting those proofs of his innocence to the fair advocate, by which he hoped to refute Olivia's accusations. On returning to Menroy Castle, from whence the quarters of our subalterns had not yet been changed to Rosindale Park, and just as Sir Frederick and Albert, arm-in-arm, were crossing the moat, and, in consequence of the extreme darkness of the night, preceded by Dermod bearing a lantern, a bullet whizzed between their heads, grazing the brim of Albert's hat. Believing the shot to have been fired by some illicit trader, in alarm, conceiving them a party of the preventive force, in quest of contraband dealers, our pedestrians hastened into the Castle, as their place of prudent refuge; determined to inquire into the circumstance on the morrow.



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any further investigation of this condemned concealment wholly unnecessary, the work of blocking it up commenced, without one moment's delay; and with that rapidity which perfectly accorded with the wounded feelings of the indignant baronet, who, even to visit Olivia De la Warr, would not leave his post of superintending a prompt measure, which he trusted would clear his fame from so disgraceful a suspicion.

Whilst this busy work of blocking up the pass from the beach to the cavern chambers was proceeding, Sir Frederick imbibed impatience to send workmen into every part of the turret, so long the theme of misrepresentation, and the cause of affliction to himself and friends; and, whilst they were conjointly overseeing this process of inclosure, he intimated his wish to Fauconberg, who promised, that he would summon up firmness, on the succeeding morning, to enter Xavier's late chamber, to inspect the effects there, preparatory to their necessary removal.

About noon the subsequent day, accompa-

nied by the kindly sympathising Sir Frederick and General De la Warr, Albert assumed sufficient mental courage, to visit, for the first time since his fearful flight after Xavier, his own deserted chamber, in the portentous turret, preparatory to his visiting that of his late inestimable friend.

Fauconberg soon accomplished his business in his own apartment, by giving orders to Dermod relative to the removal of his baggage thence; and then was kindly led, by his sympathizing friends, into the chamber of Xavier, where the heart-thrilling shriek of his hapless friend seemed once more to strike its horror upon his recoiling ear; and to vibrate from thence, in agony, through his agitated bosom. A sudden burst of affection's sorrowing tears, relieved the conflict of his feelings; when, ashamed of his weakness—though friendship and humanity were its source—he determined to exert his firmness, and at once commence the sad task that called him thither; and scarcely had he made one effort for this purpose, ere

a deep and hollow groan assailed his ears; and before the amazed and startled trio had time to gain the door, on their way to the aid of Dermod, from whom they naturally concluded it must have issued, shrieks piercing and dire as that which had before appalled Albert in that very turret, struck horror through their dismayed senses, in conviction of their coming from beneath their feet.

For one moment they were transfixed; and Fauconberg, with the dire throb of tortured delusion, in full belief he again heard Xavier; but, in the next, conviction of the horrid fact sent them all, like arrows from the recoiling bow of humanity, to summon the artificers, and to aid, by their own manual co-operation, in the instantaneous removal of the fragments of the ruins which had so unintentionally entombed some hapless victim to that concealment illicit transactions had required.

Dermod, on consideration, had been sent back to use the powers of his stentorian lungs in announcing to the hapless sufferer, "that



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rents, whose hearts might be wrung by this tragic event, led them, in further aid to the exertions of humanity, to promise large rewards for promptitude; and poor Sir Frederick had self-upbraiding to deepen the intensity of his distress, for not having inspected the premises ere he had suffered the blockade, and not to have depended upon the masons, who had assured him the chambers never could have been entered, since they had been carefully locked after the inspection of Mr. Nettlethorp.

The summons for medical aid, to be in readiness if required, had sent the alarming intelligence far and wide; and soon drew every wife, parent, child, and friend, whose relatives were at that moment engaged from home in illicit traffic, in frantic troops, to await, with fear and trembling, the disclosure of the catastrophe; and the dire incident also penetrating the seclusion of Rosindale Cottage, every aid was sent from thence that might in possibility prove useful to the

poor, entombed sufferer, or his sympathizing friends.

At length, by exertions which the nerves of sterling humanity only could supply, the passage was cleared for the re-opening a massive door, which the artificers had considered shut for ever. — The agents of humanity found it closed against them, and by a key, which they perceived in the lock, withinside. This moment was of painful interest to all in waiting — to those admitted into the circumscribed pass, and those, whom by force only were prevented from madly pressing forward to add calamity to calamity.

No knock — no shout — no entreaty of encouraging kindness — elicited reply, or effort to unclose the barrier. — Shrieks and groans alike, were hushed. Force, was, therefore, the only alternative. The smith's anvil, admitted the selected party; and, with commiserating horror, they found the hapless being they sought extended on his face, upon the ground, weltering in blood, shed by that

hand which now lay stretched out by the pistol, which had given to the recoiling ear of Dermod the fell report of suicide.

The shout of relief to heart-writhing individuals went forth like lightning—that shout was re-echoed by frantic joy; yet, in its very utterance, silenced by humanity:—even though the being found was nought to any of the assemblage. He was an itinerant Turk, whom many of them had seen but two days since, wandering through the village and surrounding hamlets with slippers for sale. How he had obtained entrance into this secret haunt there was no leisure for conjecture.—The village surgeon ordered him to be gently turned, in convenience for examination of his state, when Carlo, who had crept in unobserved, dashed forward with a tremendous growl, and seizing the Turk's beard, snatched it off as an impeder to his throat; and, by the removal of a flowing beard, discovered to the anticipating Fauconberg and Dermod, the lifeless visage of the fiend Ramirez.



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Malaga, consigned to the care of Mr. Bellwood, whom they commissioned to have it interred in some appropriately conspicuous spot; and to have it covered with a tablet, bearing record to his crimes, and of the awful termination to his existence.

To account for the almost miraculous appearance of Ramirez at Menroy Castle, it is necessary to state, that one of the adherents of Ramirez, named Badillo, had been wounded in a sanguinary skirmish, shortly before the atrocious troop endeavoured to conceal, beneath the sacerdotal robe, the cloven foot which marked their path. Confined to the province where he had been disabled, Badillo had not possessed power to seek his associates in Grenada, until the period in which Ramirez was, with one solitary *companero*, hiding from the emissaries of Don Benino in the hospital of the Capuchins. Absence at the moment in which Ramirez was apprehended, occasioned the escape from custody of Badillo, who, unsuspected of confederacy with this routed

band, followed his captive chief to the city of Grenada, to exert his interest and ingenuity for the liberation of Ramirez.

The interest which Badillo erected hope upon was comprised in the situation his sister held, as attendant upon the daughter of the gaoler of the inquisitorial prison.

Mora had but just returned to Grenada, with her lovelorn mistress, from Malaga, when Badillo hastened to confide in her a plot he had formed for the liberation of his chief, and to importune her necessary aid.

But soon Mora suggested to her brother a project of much less hazard, and better promise than his own; and, in consequence, the policy of Mora became that of embarrassing her mistress in perplexities, from which there appeared no extrication. When this was accomplished; and when the senses of the weak Florantha were almost chased through the agonies inflicted by her degrading entanglement, Mora craftily pronounced the name of the condemned criminal Ramirez, as an agent who possessed both ability and

power for vanquishing every obstacle to the ultimate happiness of Florantha.

This power and ability ascribed to Ramirez, sketched by consummate art, with all the aid of colouring which inventive stores could supply for the deceptive portrait, found implicit belief of its truth in every light and shade. Florantha, destitute of all other hope, clung to this specious phantom with firm reliance. Ramirez once in England—she was made to believe—would overcome all her perplexities, and in a very few weeks remove every impediment to her following him thither to become the happy bride of Fauconberg.

This palatable bait of art was swallowed by credulity, not too fastidious upon the means to be employed by her agent for the accomplishment of his enterprise. Through the comparative laxity in the management of the inquisitorial prison, Florantha, without much difficulty, took advantage of those facilities her situation yielded to her, and the flight of Ramirez from his dungeon in Gre-



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The flight of Russet destroyed for Ramirez all hope of comfort and security in his ambush. Not one of the contraband confederacy could be identified by this determined assassin; and confidence in any stranger to lodge and feed him, was, by his trembling apprehension, deemed inadmissible. At length, driven to despair for safe refuge, he determined to seek it in his former asylum in the cavern chambers, and found the master-key, where, for the convenience of the Spanish associates upon each return with an illicit cargo, it had, in an established place of deposit, for years found an undetected concealment.

Ramirez now found his once commodious asylum despoiled of all furniture; but security being his first object, he contented himself with a projection of rock for his pillow; and dreams of vengeance upon Fauconberg in every sanguinary form cheered his slumbers for the first night.

The subsequent morning Ramirez ventured forth to purchase food, and to reconnoitre

for posts of ambush, from whence to assail his victim, when he should sally from the Castle; but obtained no view of the object of his vindictive purpose, until returning to his cavern at night, when with demoniac joy he descried Albert in one of the individuals closely following the light he beheld in rapid advance before him; when, in his panting thirst for vengeance, Ramirez sent off the bullets he doubted not performed their mission, drawing his cheering conclusions from the prompt entrance of the evidently-agitated party within the Castle portal; and, not pausing for the contingency of a probable *sortie*, in quest of the assassin, he retreated to his fastness; and, with the aid of his phosphorus match-box, gave himself light, to secure his fortress from assailants, and to place himself commodiously for making his first meal that day.

But, upon opening the parcel he had brought from a neighbouring hamlet, for the purpose of this late breakfast, he found, to his utter dismay, that he had taken from the

public-house, where he at length had ventured to purchase food; the parcel of some other traveller, containing wearing-apparel, and a bottle of horse-medicine; which bottle had deceived him into a belief, that he was conveying his own potation of cordial-comfort. A return to rectify this mistake was now interdicted by the hour appointed for the closing of public-houses; and, by the possibility of an awkward encounter with those in search of the assassin.

The pangs of cold and hunger, with those of anxiety, relative to the hoped-for success of his bullets, kept Ramirez waking so long, that when at length he did sleep, it was ordained, that through fatigue of body and mind, endured by him that day, in which he had not dared to venture upon pausing anywhere for the refreshment which he required, his slumber was profound; and lasted so fatally long, that when he did awaken, it was to a full sense of the horrors by which he was encompassed—by horrors pronouncing his awful doom in the very pass through



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denying his despair, by racks and torments, all whom he had bereaved of life, of fame, or happiness:—the echo of his own shrieks resounding as the parting cries of those whom he had immolated: the rocks, which, in his wild range from chamber to chamber in frantic search of rescue, he came in heedless contact with; striking to his recoiling touch, as the cold and stiffened heaps of those whom he had murdered; and, at length, unable to bear more, his last, dire shriek of sublunary suffering penetrated to human ears, even in the apartment where one of his most atrocious deeds had been perpetrated; and from thence led to the impressive discovery of the signal horrors that marked his exit.

The providential escape of Fauconberg, with the afflicting retrospections which the awful termination of the vengeful foe of their beloved Xavier occasioned, awakened such evident sympathy in Albert and Adeline for each other, that Olivia De la Warr was led to full conviction of neither being a defaulter in the usages of knight-errantry. With play-

ful candour Olivia proclaimed herself an unjust accuser, who was ready, with as public an apology as they could desire, to withdraw her unfounded accusation.

Hope and joy soon mantled the cheek of Adeline De la Warr with the roses of health, and re-illumed the lustre of her beautiful eyes. She was the betrothed of the happy Albert; and had nothing more to apprehend from Senora Florantha, whose abetting the escape of the miscreant Ramirez had consigned to the Castle of Alicant, there to be confined for years sufficient to mature discretion, and subdue her phrensied love.

THE END.

LONDON :

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